MAY 11, 1959

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

America's National Sports Weekly

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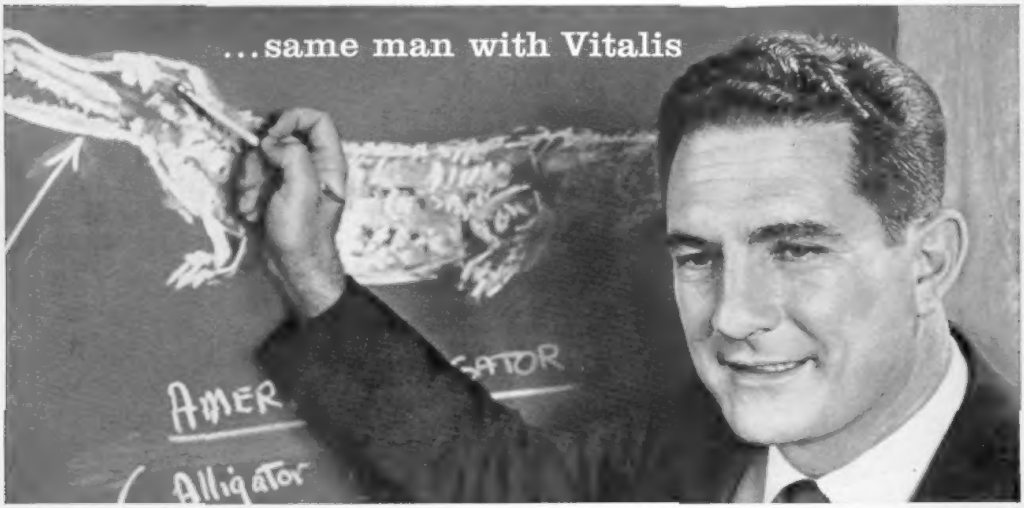

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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE fisherman is at least as prone as the next man to favoritism. And when his wishful thinking turns to fishful thinking, he's likely to imagine himself in combat with a striped bass, say, a swordfish, a steelhead or a bonefish—or whatever seems to him the most fit challenge to his skill and wile. For many anglers, armed only with pole, tin can and carefree heart, the unassuming sunfish may be antagonist enough. But for some, in growing numbers, *the* quarry is the tarpon.

In this issue Roy Terrell tells why, as he adds the tarpon to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's gallery of fighting fish (SI, March 11, 1957, July 28, 1958, Feb. 2, 1959).

The role of biographer to the tarpon represents for Terrell an excursion into an area where readers are not used to finding him. Since coming to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED four years ago from the *Corpus Christi Caller*, of which he was then sports editor, Roy has reported many sports, including football, basketball, track and baseball (now his regular summer beat). He cheerfully recalls a certain apprehension he had when he joined the staff: he was afraid that in this age of specialists he might be confined to just one subject.

With reporter's candor Roy describes his fishing talents as "fair to middling poor—but ambitious." The ambition rose to the surface some two years ago when he said he'd like to do a story on the tarpon. His reason was simple enough. To Texas-born

ROY TERRELL

Terrell, the tarpon, an honored denizen of the coast of his native state, was one he hadn't caught but would sure like to.

There were other reasons too. They are in his story and they add up to the fact that scientists and advanced students of this fish are still baffled by many of its facts of life.

When I asked Roy why he *really* wanted to do the tarpon, he said, "I guess most of all because he's such a wonderful all-round athlete. He's a high jumper, a broad jumper, a sprinter and a boxer. And as a competitor he makes anyone who finishes fighting him say, 'Whew, that was something!' "

Terrell has had occasion to say, "That was something!" many times. And many times he's also said, like all good tellers of fishing tales, "But it got away."

A lot of tarpon do. But this week I think you'll find that Terrell has caught them all.

Arthur Murphy

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Jimmy Jemail's
HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Is the U.S. losing her over-all superiority in golf?*

BOB STRAILE
President
Palm Beach AC
Palm Beach

Yes. We have lost major international tournaments. Two of our best players, Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret, were beaten by two Japanese, Pete Nakamura and Koichi Ono, who were unknown to American sport fans.

JACK ROSS
Pro
Everglades Club
Palm Beach

You are assuming that American golf has always been supreme. It wasn't so long ago that the British were on top with Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Ted Ray and Sandy Herd. And now other countries are coming up.

HOMER E. CAPEHART
U.S. Senator from Indiana
Indianapolis

No. I think that success in sports runs in cycles. In the Canada Cup, our golfers lost in Japan and in Mexico, but there's no reason why we can't win the next tournament. Other countries are going to win occasionally.

continued

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HOTBOX *continued*

ROBERT H. SANDERSON
Chairman of playground commission
Palm Beach

Yes. One big reason is that youth is being priced out of golf in the private golf clubs. Even on a municipal golf course, it would cost the boy who wanted to play two times a week up to $8 for fees and caddies.

EARL A. ROSS
Former president Metropolitan Golf Assn.
Rye, N.Y.

Absolutely no. Among the amateurs, we have the finest young players, both boys and girls. Players from other countries have beaten our pros abroad, but when they come here, as the Japanese did last year, they get their ears pinned back.

PRINCE ALEXIS TOUMANOFF
Geologist
Palm Beach and New York

Yes. Not only in golf, but in other sports as well, due to lack of interest in competitive sports. Australia is winning the swimming, and we lost to Russia in amateur basketball—America's own invention—amateur hockey and the Olympics.

RUTH STEWART
Winner, 1959 Everglades Gold Putter
Palm Beach

No, in other countries there is a good golfer here and there, but nowhere can you find the number of top golfers we have. Among the women are Patty Berg, Louise Suggs, Barbara Romack, and the men are too numerous to mention.

J.B. (MIKE) LYNCH
Chairman of board
Siscoe Mines, Ltd.
Montreal, Canada

You've lost it. The Irish team won the Canada Cup tournament in Mexico, and a Spaniard won the individual title. That was real world competition, with 32 nations entered. Also our Marlene Stewart Streit is tops among the girls.

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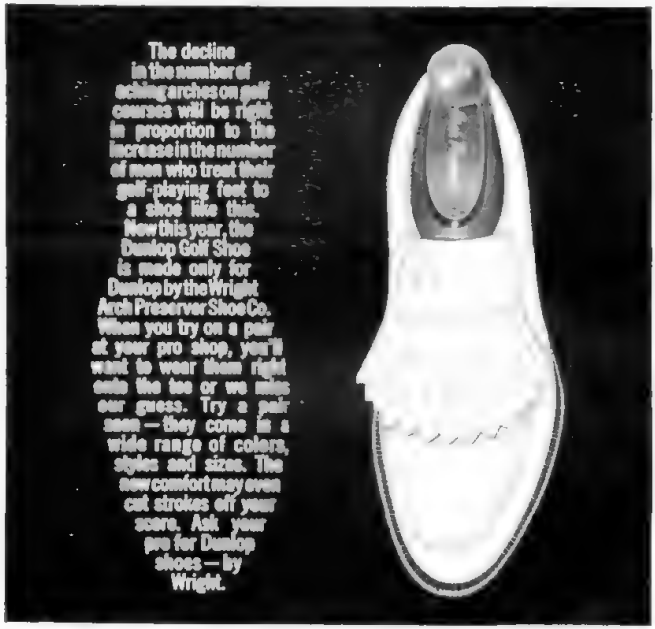

You'll never know how good you are until you play Dunlop

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Frank Gifford, intrepid sportsman, photographed in Nassau by Tom Kelley.

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Cover: Las Vegas roulette wheel ▶

If the lady can guess which way the ball bounces, she's in luck. For more Las Vegas pictures turn to page 24; for a story on the town, see page 88.

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

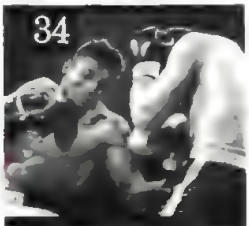
Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

▶ Contributing Editor Carleton Mitchell visits Bus and Bob Mosbacher, the undisputed masters of class boat sailing, and divulges their secrets of sound helmsmanship.

▶ Ever ride a horse? For you who haven't but might like to, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents an eight-page introduction by a great teacher, Gordon Wright. First of two parts.

▶ Novelist Mark Harris describes the case of Yankee "bonus baby" Ed Cereghino who recently quit baseball a decision that poses serious questions for the big leagues



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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING

BOXING

GOLF

HOCKEY

HORSE RACING

Tacky Derby, 1¼ m., by nose over Sword Dancer.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS

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TRACK & FIELD *JOHN LAWLOR, b.*

MILEPOSTS

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two sides to our swim story

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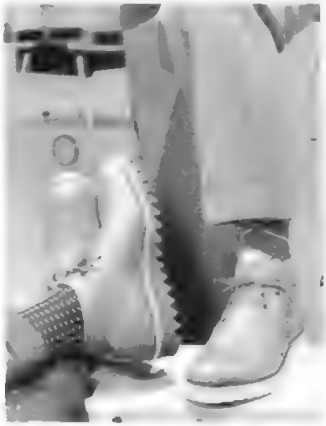

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faces in the crowd . . .

FRED TURNER JR., blunt-spoken Texas oil and cattle man who deems a good horse a "year, beyond price," unleashes loud victory shout after his Tony Lee plucked racing's most prized jewel, the Kentucky Derby.

MIKE HERMAN whose versatility knows few bounds won low and high hurdles and broad jump, tied for first in pole vault, placed in high jump and javelin to help NYU break Manhattan's lock on Met college title.

ANNE DUDLEY 20-pert Perth hairdresser became part of sports scene last week when she married Herb Elliott, world's fastest miler who has temporarily stopped running to study, at Nedlands, Australia.

PERRY BOYDEN, one of four sophomore hustlers in varsity shell, stroked Harvard crew to record 8:45 for 4 miles on the Charles at Cambridge as Crimsons beat four rivals for Compton Cup and swept day's six races.

LUCILE WHEELER, Canada's first world ski champion, she won slalom and downhill titles at Bad Gastein, has been rewarded with Lou Marsh Memorial Trophy as her nation's outstanding athlete for 1958.

BOB MOSER, U. of Georgia captain who took up golf 11 years ago to aid polio-crippled left leg, shot blazing 66 on last round for 279 to win Southern Intercollegiate title, but Houston took team crown at Athens, Ga.

RALPH BACKSTROM lightning-fast young (21) center who scored 18 goals, 22 assists and may well be talent-stocked Montreal's next superstar, was voted winner of Calder Trophy and $1,000 as NHL's rookie of year.

A&F

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It All Began at Wimbledon

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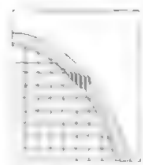
In the opinion of many, tennis really came of age in 1914 when Maurice E. McLoughlin, the first Californian to win court fame, introduced his spectacular cannon ball serve. That year, we offered a selection of eight rackets, including the model William A. Larned had used to win his seventh U. S. championship in 1911.

The end of World War I found A&F permanently settled on Madison Avenue at 45th Street with a new line of special tennis clothing. And tennis continued to grow in world-wide popularity—until, in the 1937 Davis Cup challenge round between Germany and the United States, it actually became an issue of international politics. Both Don Budge and Baron Gottfried von Cramm played superhuman tennis in the final match. Cramm, because he was not a Nazi sympathizer, needed the victory to put him in party favor. However, Budge won after five matchpoints in the fourteenth game of the fifth set.



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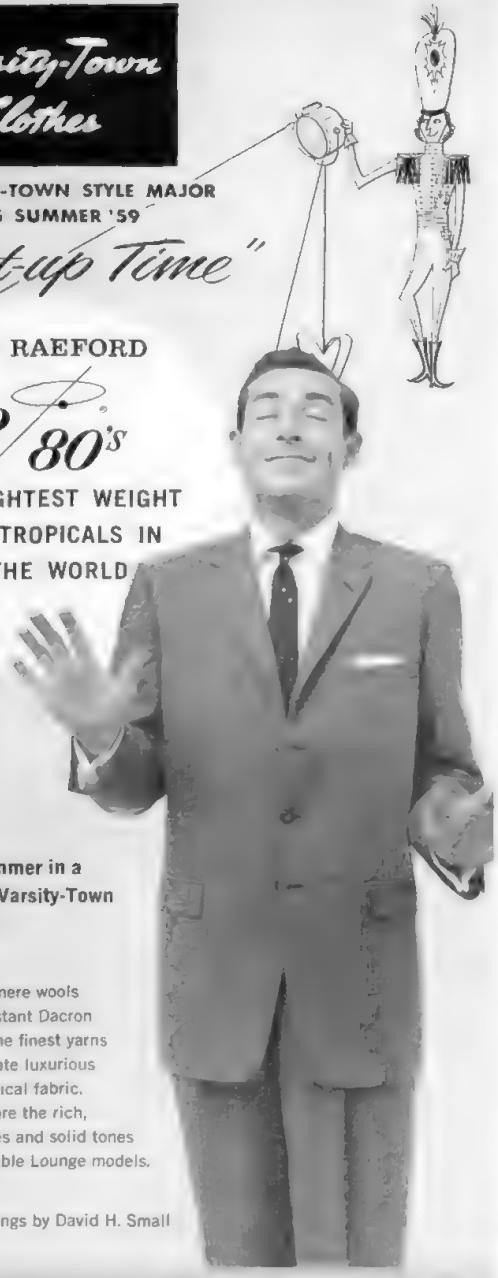

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Kaufman's, Lexington

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

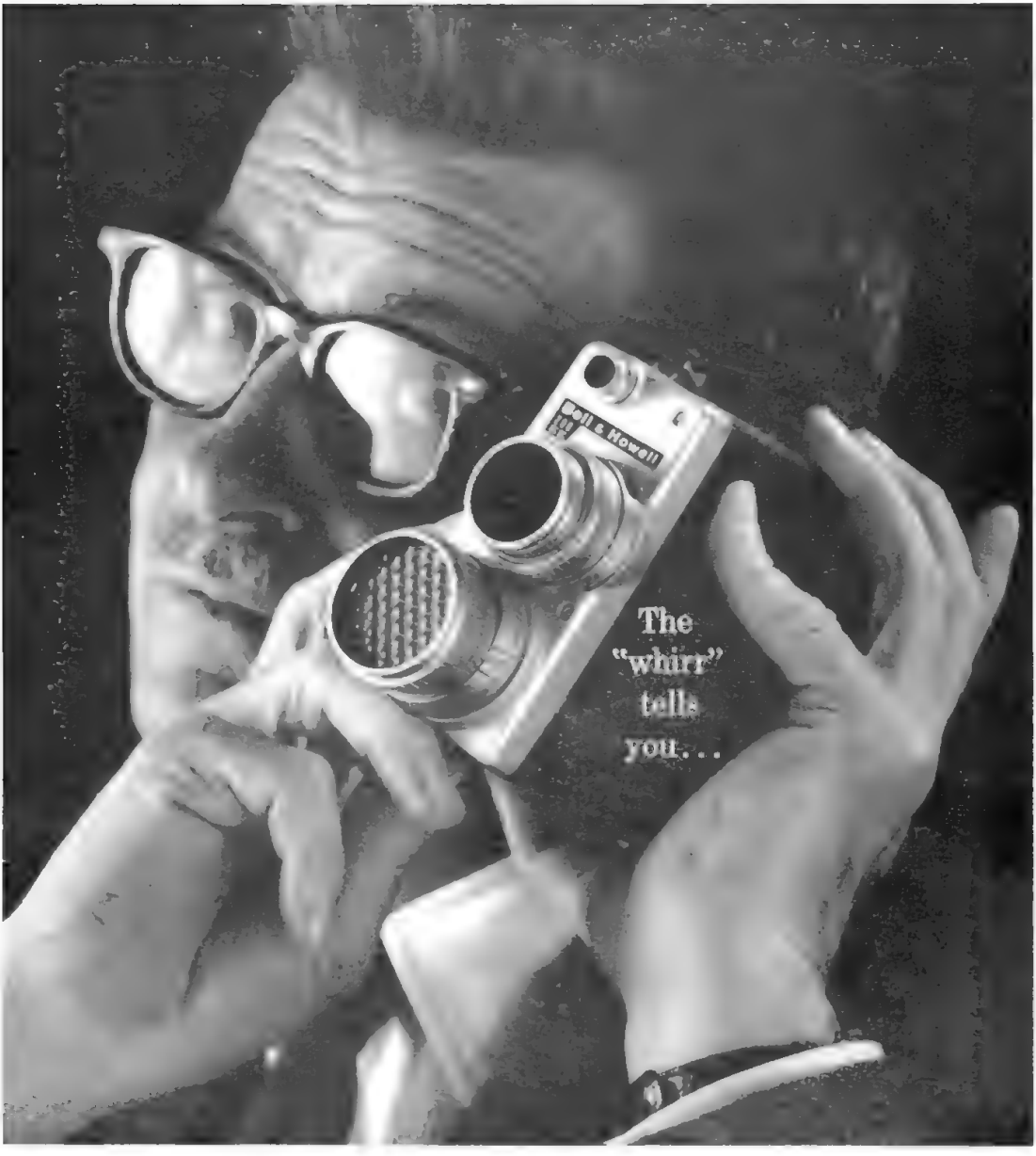
AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Cleveland Indians** continued to raise hopes that this would, indeed, be the year the Yankees lose the pennant. By winning two straight from the defending champs *see page 20*, the Indians proved to the world what they themselves knew all along—Cleveland will have to be taken seriously this season. The punchless **Chicago White Sox** left even more men on base (27) than usual in a two-game split with the Yanks, when the flu knocked over all the team's left-handed pinch hitters. But against the Red Sox, cagey old 39 Early Wynn didn't bother about men left on base. In the eighth inning he whacked a home run to win a sparkling, 14-strikeout, one-hit, 1-0 game. The Red Sox' only hit came in the first inning when Pete Runnels singled past second base. Moments earlier Wynn had told Shortstop Luis Aparicio to move two steps to his right on the batter. "He have no-hitter if he don't move me over," said Aparicio. "If I play Runnels where I want, I throw him out easy." The **Baltimore Orioles** were hurting where they least expected to—in pitching. Two of last year's big winners—Portocarrero and Harshman—had yet to win while losing 9 between them. Hoyt Wilhelm, whose dancing knuckleball flutters even more on windy days, continued to be the Orioles' big stopper the wind was blowing in Kansas City, and Hoyt won 3-1. The **Kansas City Athletics** had good pitching and hitting, plus a Stengelian hunch by Manager Harry Craft. Craft sent slumping bench warmer Harry Simpson up to pinch hit, and the loose-limbed Simpson hit a game-winning homer. "He looked very sharp in batting practice," revealed

continued

STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
[illegible]	[illegible] Wash 1-1	Burdette Mil 4-0
[illegible]	7 with 3	Burdette Mil 4
[illegible]	[illegible] Cle 6-0	Sanford SF 6-2
[illegible]	Ditmar NY 1-2	Haddix Phil 1-5
[illegible]	[illegible]	Drysdale LA 8-5
[illegible]	[illegible]	Anderson Chi 1-6
THE BEST HITTERS		
[illegible]	[illegible]	Aaron Mil .385
[illegible]	Killebrew Wash .7 (1 per 9 AB)	Mathews Mil .8 (1 per 8 AB)
[illegible]	[illegible]	Aaron Mil 15
[illegible]	[illegible]	Mathews Mil 18
THE BEST PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Cleveland 6-31	Cincinnati 7-24
Fewest opp. runs	Cleveland 3-5	San Francisco 3-88
Most hits	2 with 9-41	Cincinnati 10-47
Fewest opp. hits	Cleveland 7-06	San Francisco 7-72
Most HRs	Cleveland 1-56	Cincinnati 1-53
Fewest opp. HRs	Kansas City 0-67	San Francisco 0-72



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Craft. The **Washington Senators** looked less and less like a last-place team. Lightweight, light-hitting Ron Samford had never before hit a home run in his patchwork big league career. Last week he hit two and batted .320, as the pills, shots and a syrupy potion he takes to build himself up began to take effect. Harmon Killebrew, a bonus baby disappointment for years, bashed four homers in two days to take over the league lead. Bill Fischer, who played on three different teams last year, changed his pitching style—more sliders and changeups, fewer sinkers—and gave up only one earned run in 28 innings. The **Boston Red Sox** finally got the left-handed pitcher they needed so badly when they traded for the Tigers' Billy Hoeft. But with Ted Lepcio gone in the trade, Vic Wertz laid up, Gene Stephens out with a broken arm, and Ted Williams still ailing, the Sox bench is worn thin. Negro minor leaguer Pumpsie Green may get his chance to play in Boston sooner than he expects. The seventh-place **New York Yankees** (sixth place, and the year is 1959, not 1925, found out that Cleveland and Chicago aren't going to play dead this year. Neither Stengel magic nor good pitching could meet the mysterious loss of the Yankees' traditional knack for always getting the opportune hit. The **Detroit Tigers'** woeful fall could be traced to many things: lack of power, terrible pitching, poor fielding (particularly in center). The front office preferred to place the blame on someone more expendable than players. So Manager Bill Norman, like Jack Tighe last year, was fired and Coach Manager Jimmy Dykes, 18 seasons with four different teams, was brought in to create a miracle.

Standings: Cleveland 11-8, Baltimore 11-8, Kansas City 11-8, Washington 11-10, Boston 7-9, New York 7-12, Detroit 4-15

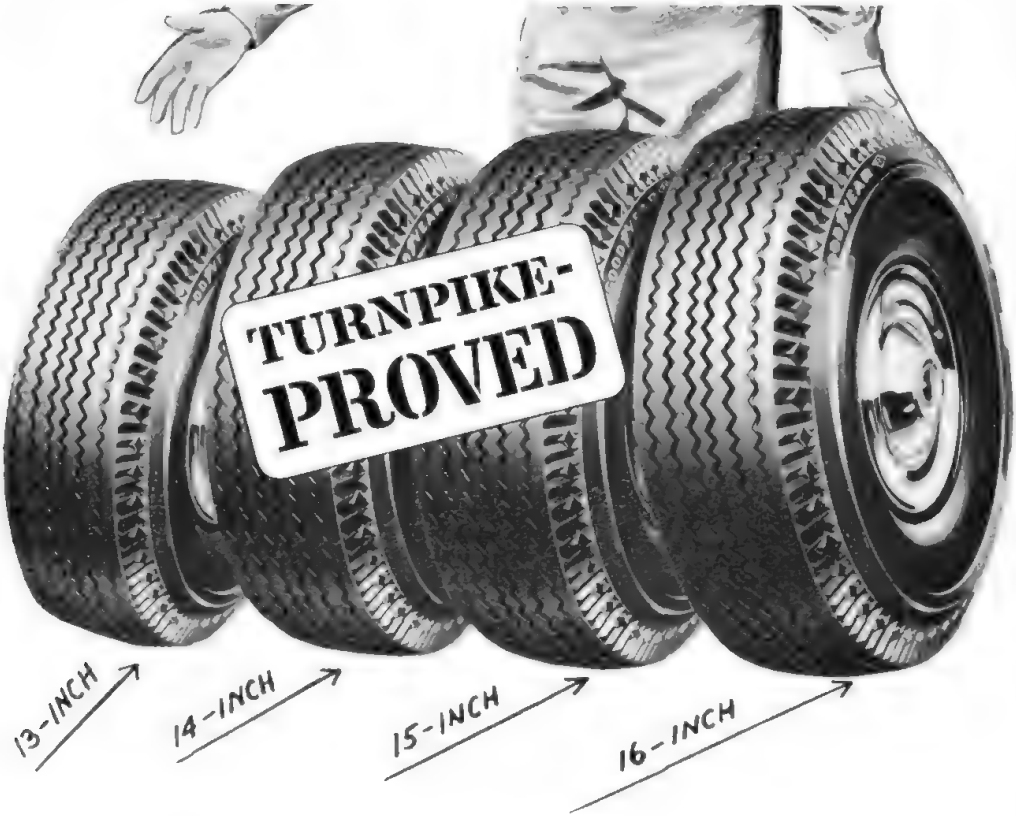
NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Milwaukee Braves'** vaunted pitching looked pretty ragged when Spahn and Burdette weren't on the mound. 8-2 record for the two veterans; rest of the staff, 2-4). Bill Bruton, the slender centerfielder, has become the second-leading batter

continued

TEAM LEADERS

BATTING			
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]	McLish 3-0
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 with 3-1
Kansas City	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wilhelm 3-0
New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 with 3-1
Minnesota	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 2-1
Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 2-1
Baltimore	[illegible]	[illegible]	Larsen 2-0
Los Angeles	[illegible]	[illegible]	Lary 1-2
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Pittsburgh	[illegible]	[illegible]	Sanford 4-1
Milwaukee	[illegible]	[illegible]	Burdette 4-0
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 1
Los Angeles	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 0
Cincinnati	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 0
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 with 2-1
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 with 2-0
St. Louis	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] 1-1



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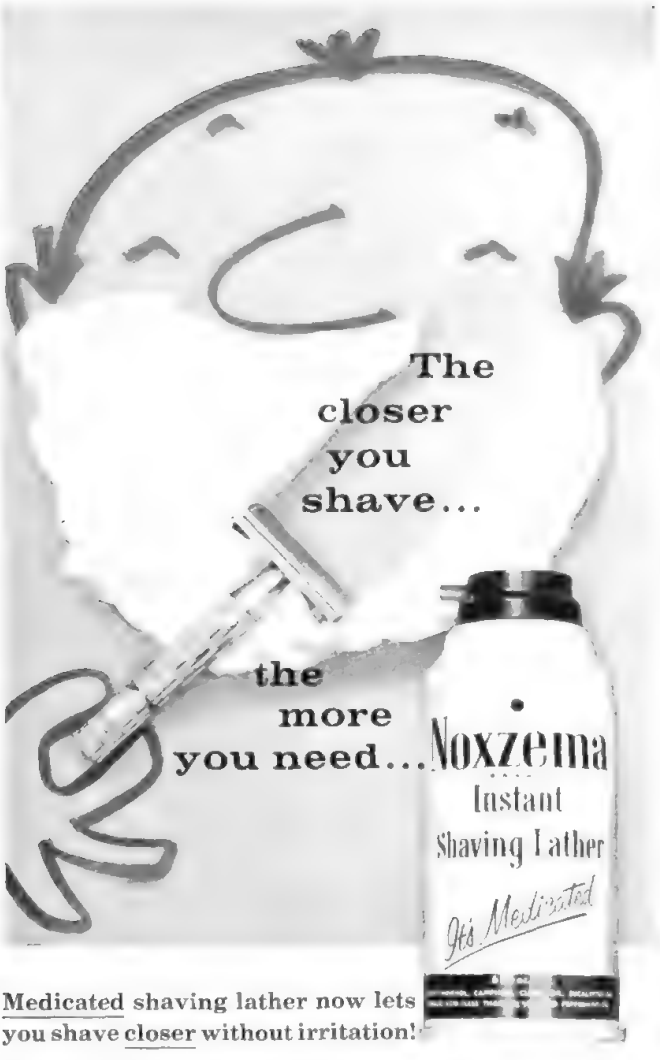

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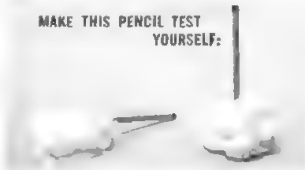

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on the team (.396), behind Henry Aaron, by spraying hits to all fields with a 36-[illegible], one of the heaviest in the majors. The **Cincinnati Reds** made a little pitching go a long way as they boomed 11 home runs, rolled up scores like 18-8, [illegible] to climb from [illegible] up to the Dodgers. Their weak-hitting Roy McMillan (.226, one HR last season) muscled into [illegible] with a good swing and learned to punching the ball, and given the chance to hit away this year by Manager Mayo Smith, Mac's batting climbed to .300 and he got three home runs. The **San Francisco Giants'** batting slump ended in Milwaukee after Manager Bill Rigney told the team to start hitting the first ball. Andre Rodgers seemed to be over his eating case in point and the Giant defense tightened up. Best of all, Willie Mays started hitting again. The **Los Angeles Dodgers** slipped from the Olympian heights of first place during the week but [illegible] Manager Walter Alston explained Dodger success this way: "I think the boys were shamed into winning. They realized the thoughts of last year and just went out and decided to do something about it." The **Chicago Cubs'** young pitching staff turned sour. None of the starters could finish a game. After losing to the Reds, 18-8, bewildered Manager Bob Scheffing said, "You can't figure this out. Not when you score eight runs and get beat by 10. Especially when your pitching has been going good before." The **Pittsburgh Pirates**, suffering from the unbelievably bad starts of Bob Friend and George Witt (0-7 between them), got a lift when Ron Kline finally won his first game. Kline, who swings a 10-pound iron ball to strengthen his arm, felt so strong after his victory that he offered to pitch batting practice the next day. The **Philadelphia Phillies**, loaded with [illegible] pitchers, were heartened when Gene Conley, the best basketball player in the majors, pitched a full nine innings in relief, all wing no runs and striking out 11. The rain-hungry **St. Louis Cardinals** were shut out for the third time in this young season. (Eight teams in the majors have yet to be shut out, and six have been runless only once.)

[illegible]

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Kaline, Det (.327)	16	9	25
Aparicio, Chi (.296)	13	11	24
Power, Cle (.394)	13	10	23
[illegible]	12	11	23
[illegible]	10	12	22
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
[illegible]	17	18	35
Robinson, Cin (.328)	15	17	32
Demeter, LA (.314)	16	15	31
Temple, Cin (.366)	15	13	28
Mathews, Mil (.328)	18	10	28

Batting averages through Saturday, May 2

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Drawings by Robert Riger

GAME BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

After a savage duel, Tomy Lee and Jockey Shoemaker—he of the magic hands—beat Sword Dancer by a few inches

by WHITNEY TOWER

SOMEHOW—almost incredibly—the Kentucky Derby always manages to generate blazing and controversial excitement. Year in and year out the race sustains its uncanny ability to stimulate sporting frenzy. And the 85th Derby, contested at creaking old Churchill Downs last week, fell perfectly into this traditional pattern; the moment Tomy Lee burst across the finish line a scant nose in front of Sword Dancer the 1959 classic had taken its rightful place among the most sensational Derbies ever run.

The elements of suspense, nervous tension and eleventh-hour confusion were all there: 1) Willie Shoemaker justified his last-minute decision to ride Tomy Lee over Sword Dancer by turning in one of the most brilliant rides on this or any other track, and the manner in which he did it must certainly now make every racegoer from Jamaica to Tanforan more convinced than ever that this nerveless little man with the gifted hands deserves to climb another rung on that exclusive ladder reserved for truly great riders. 2) The second foul claim in Derby history—there was one in the wild days of 1880, and in 1933 Brokers Tip's Derby was so rough that the stewards initiated an "inquiry"—produced enough excitement to offset the disappointing performances by such prerace favorites as First Landing, Easy Spur and Our Dad. 3) The great showing of the four-horse California contingent, who, although not boasting a true California-bred among them, nonetheless put the West Coast racers across the line in first, fourth, fifth and sixth positions in a field of 17 which included the best performers gathered in Louisville from all winter combat fronts.

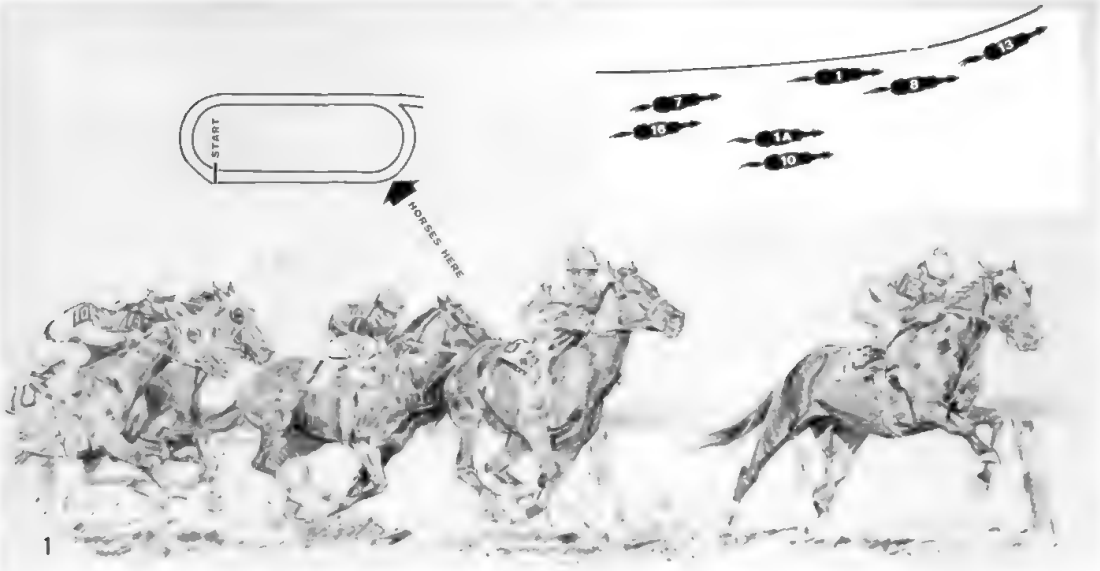
To say that Tomy Lee's victory was entirely due to Shoemaker's reinsmanship would be an injustice not only to the colt himself but also to everyone connected with him. Good race horses fit into a more or less general category known as "game." There are also race horses who are game beyond the call of duty, and Tomy Lee is surely one of these. For he was a sure loser heading down the homestretch, beaten by the onrushing Sword Dancer by a margin which at one time was a full half length. But then, after setting or helping to set nearly all the early pace of the race, Tomy Lee came on again. He engaged in a bumping duel with Sword Dancer for close to an eighth of a mile, a duel which produced not so much a series of individual collisions as a sort of continuous rubbing at extremely close quarters, and survived this encounter to go on and eke out his courageous triumph in the very last few yards.

It was a marvelous exhibition on the part of a horse who has never been completely sound in his underpinnings, and Tomy Lee's showing reflects happily on the patient training methods of Frank Childs, the 71-year-old horseman who trains Tomy Lee for Texas oilman and rancher Fred Turner Jr. Childs has never pushed Tomy Lee too fast. In fact, he has brought him along so skillfully that Tomy Lee, in 13 starts, has never finished worse than second (although a disqualification in last fall's Champagne moved him back to third).

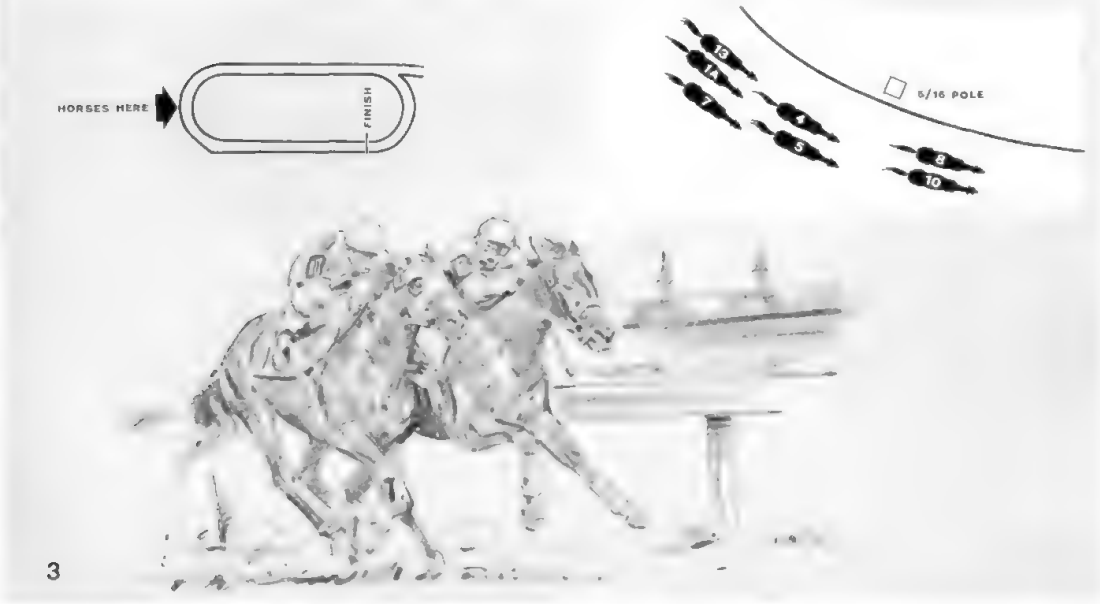
As Childs, a soft-spoken, gray-haired man, went quietly about his Derby preparations with Tomy Lee at Churchill Downs last week, he was hardly the center of attraction. That honor was divided all over the crowded barn area among the also-rans and nonstarters. Up at one end, for example, was popular, loquacious Jimmy Jones. Jimmy had On-and-On,

Artist Robert Riger and Turf Editor Whitney Tower, who present this unique analysis of the 85th Kentucky Derby, spent many hours after the race interviewing riders and stewards and studying the official film. Riger's drawings follow on the next four pages; Tower's report continues on page 20

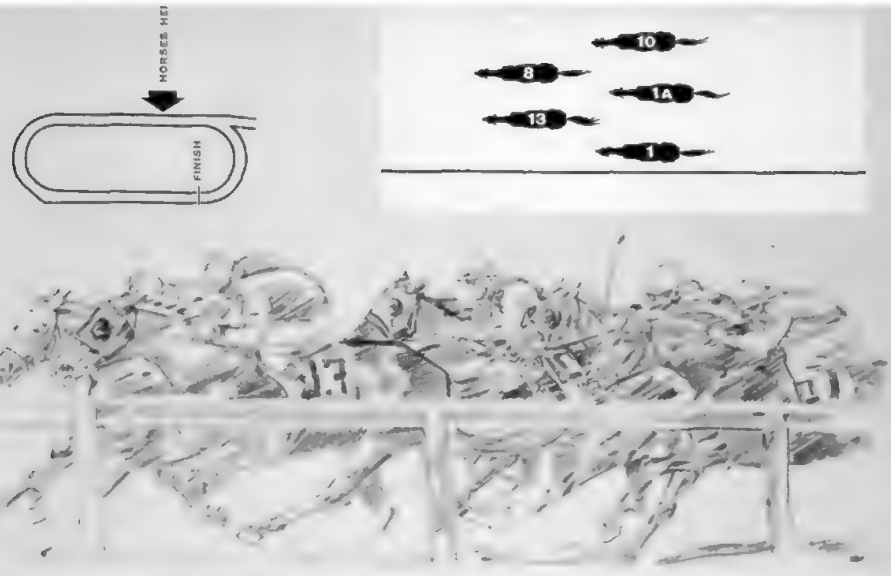
MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT of Derby came when Tomy Lee (*right*) bumped Sword Dancer decisively at the quarter pole. Both horses then bumped for nearly an eighth of a mile, causing Sword Dancer's rider, Bill Boland, to claim foul against Willie Shoemaker aboard Tomy Lee. After seeing films and interviewing both jockeys, stewards found that guilt had been mutual.



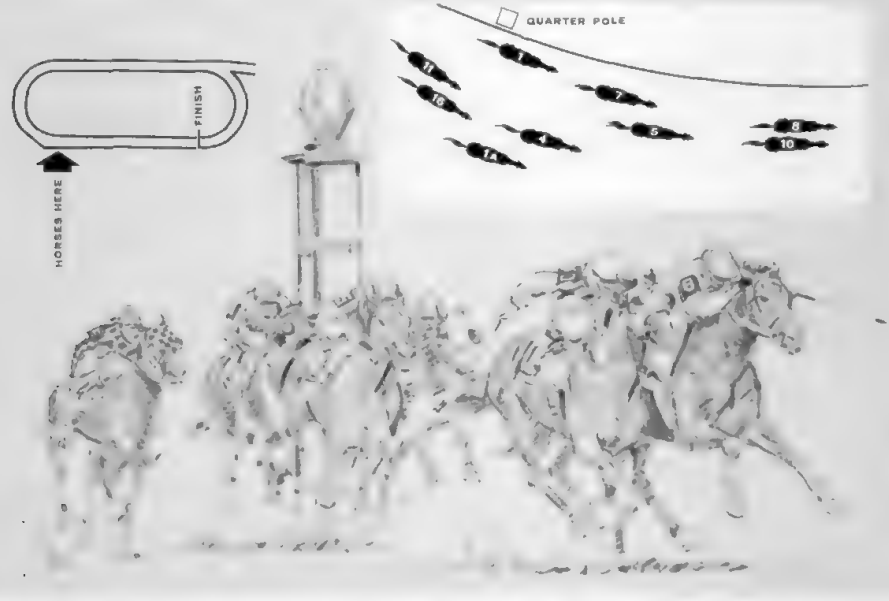
AT CLUBHOUSE TURN Troilus **13** *(see white box)* has taken early lead while Shoemaker has hustled Tomy Lee **8** up to challenge ("Troilus came over on me at the first turn and I had to pull up for him"). Atoll **1** has also broken quickly from the gate and saved ground along the rail. Sword Dancer's jockey, Bill Boland, beset by an outside post position, has brought his colt **10** up with the leaders ("I didn't particularly want to rush him, but he broke so good that I went on with him, maybe a little too soon"). Open View **1A**, entry mate of Atoll, Festival King **16** and Finnegan **7** are in closest pursuit.



REACHING 5/16 POLE, Sword Dancer **10** and Tomy Lee **8** are head and head. Sword Dancer appears to be running more powerfully and Shoemaker wishes Boland luck ("Go ahead, you can win it"). But Tomy Lee, Boland claims, came out and bumped Sword Dancer for the first time. First Landing **4** starts to rally while sentimental favorite Silver Spoon **5**, under Jockey Ray York, gains ground on leaders ("We moved up easy and I thought she was running good. In fact, I thought for a second we were going to win it"). Troilus **13** is now tiring rapidly. Open View **1A** and Finnegan **7** are still very much in contention.



HEADING UP BACKSTRETCH, Shoemaker urges Tomy Lee **8** up on outside to get lead. "He seemed to want to be there"). Troilus **13** begins to shuttle from first place to his ultimate last-place finish, and Rider Chris Rogers felt horse tire ("It was great for a while in front, but he went into reverse. He went from a pull to a drive in two jumps around the half-mile pole"). Atoll **1** hangs on along the rail while Boland has Sword Dancer **10**, whom he found to be rank at the start, within striking distance of the leaders. "He was moving smoothly and keeping his mind on his business"). Open View **1A** is in fifth position.



ENTERING STRETCH Tomy Lee **8** is just ahead of Sword Dancer **10** but Boland appears confident ("My horse was really flying. I thought we'd beat Tomy Lee by at least two lengths"). But Shoemaker, switching whip from right hand to left, perseveres with Tomy Lee ("He kind of gave it up on the turn, but then he started to come on again"). Eddie Arcaro has First Landing **4** in motion ("In the middle of the turn I had to pull out a bit and Open View [**1A**] hit me slightly"). Silver Spoon **5** starts to surrender to First Landing while Royal Orbit **11** launches a good stretch run. Finnegan **7** now has little chance.

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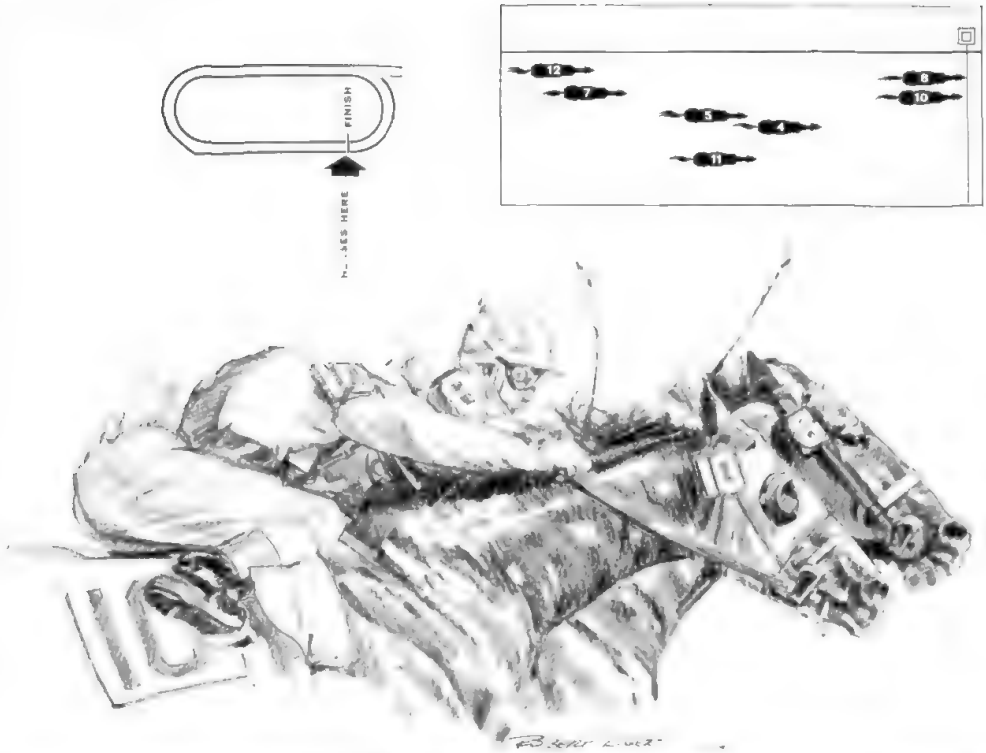

POUNDING to wire, Shoemaker's whip falls on left side of Tomy Lee's head **8** ("He came on again right on the money"). Boland is in an all-out thrust on Sword Dancer **10** ("My horse stopped a bit from the bumping, but then came on again when the bumping stopped, but it was too late"). First Landing **4** never exploded a convincing stretch rally for Eddie Arcaro ("He was hanging. We had plenty of room but the horse just quit running"). Royal Orbit **11** finished fast while Silver Spoon **5** and York were fifth ("She hung around the eighth pole, but she was not really overmatched"). Finnegan **7** was sixth with Dunce **12** seventh.

DERBY *continued*

the hope of Calumet Farm. On Wednesday he announced with all the solemnity of an about-to-retire board chairman that On-and-On was definitely out of the Derby. On Thursday he put the colt back in the race. Then on Saturday he scratched him once and for all. Having already pre-empted more newspaper space than any of the real starters, Jimmy Jones made his position officially clear: "If the horse were mine I'd start him. But Mrs. Markey doesn't feel much like finishing up the track some place, so she'd as soon not run." With this on-again off-again business out of the way, Jones put On-and-On in another race on Saturday against ordinary colts, and though he managed to win a purse of $2,600, it appeared quite plain that Mrs. Markey knew exactly what she was about.

Down the line were Trainer Casey Hayes with First Landing and Reggie Cornell with Royal Orbit. Not far away were Bob Wheeler with the filly Silver Spoon, Charles Peoples with Troilus and Elliott Burch with Sword Dancer. All of them held court graciously in the morning for the hordes of newsmen and photographers. And some of them stall-walked like expectant fathers through most of the nights. In direct contrast to easygoing Frank Childs, who after over 50 years around horses was certainly not going to allow Tomy Lee's appearance in the Derby to lose him any sleep, was young Elliott Burch. A personable 35-year-old Yale man and a sportswriter for *The Racing Form* before going to work under his famous father, Preston Burch, at Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable, Elliott and his chestnut charge, Sword Dancer, were a center of attraction all week long. When he wasn't posing for pictures or answering questions, Elliott could be found pacing the floor of room 194 at the Standiford Motel, where he paused barely long enough to give part-time attention to a difficult jigsaw puzzle that he and his pretty wife Phyllis had set up in the room to take their minds off the running puzzle that was getting closer every day. But puzzle or no puzzle, Elliott Burch found himself forever wandering back to his favorite subject: Sword Dancer. He would say to anyone who asked—and lots of people did—"Sword Dancer may be little, but I'll tell you one thing: he's all heart."

Other Derby participants had ideas not only about Sword Dancer but about the rivals he would have to beat. Sitting around their motel bar, for example, Shoemaker and Eddie Arcaro passed a few quiet hours before the arrival of their buddy Toots Shor by voicing different opinions. "The way you've got to drive First Landing to make him do practically anything nowadays," said Eddie, "makes me wonder if he's ever going to be a good horse." "He's still got to be the horse to beat," said Burch.

"The horse to beat," added Shoemaker, "is Sword Dancer. And the horse with the best chance of beating him is the one I'm on: Tomy Lee."

And there was healthy respect for the lone filly, too. "I watched her in California all winter," said Our Dad's trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, "and she is mighty good." Silver Spoon's owner-trainer team of C. V. Whitney and Bob Wheeler were optimistic but not overly so. "She'll disgrace nobody, that I can promise," said Wheeler. And she didn't, either.

Because of the claim of foul by Bill Boland against Shoemaker, resulting from their scrape down the stretch, the 85th Derby has in some quarters been falsely pictured as being one of the roughest ever. Actually, it was no rougher than most—and a good deal cleaner than many in which no thought of fouls entered anybody's mind. If there was any real misfortune during the running it occurred at the start, nearly two minutes before the cameras focused on the bump-and-grind act involving Tomy Lee and Sword Dancer. As the field of 17 broke from the gate at the head of the stretch, Open View, breaking from post position 13, cut over against Die Hard to his inside. John Bruce, the next horse in from them, ran smack into this traffic jam, and in the first split second of the race he went nearly to his knees. There and then ended any chance that Die Hard or John Bruce might have had.

While this disturbance was taking place, however, Troilus was pulling out from the middle of the pack to take the lead going by the stands the first time. Tomy Lee, who had broken away with him from the adjacent post, gave chase, followed by Atoll and Sword Dancer who, despite the bad luck of drawing post 14, got away alertly and was never worse than fourth at any time. Behind Sword Dancer were Open View, Finnegan, First Landing and Silver Spoon, all in secure positions.

But even going into that first turn Tomy Lee was up to his old trick of bearing out, a habit which has been characteristic of nearly every one of his races. As he went out slightly, Troilus took the rail and sped on out the first half mile in :47 3 5. Up the backstretch now they flew with Troilus, who was to stop cold shortly, still on the lead. But Tomy Lee was loping along almost effortlessly beside him with Atoll hanging on to third place and Sword Dancer right there, too,

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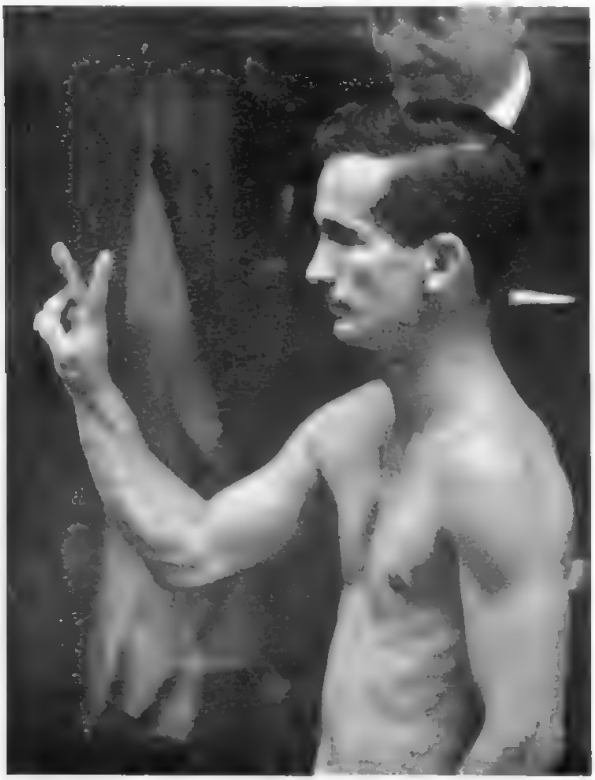

SHOEMAKER INDICATES SECOND DERBY-WINNING RIDE WHILE BOLAND (RIGHT) JUST FAILED TO GET HIS SECOND BY INCHES

full of run and ready to prove it.

As they moved to the upper turn a new picture unfolded. Troilus was wearying, but now it was Arcaro on First Landing and Ray York on Silver Spoon who loomed up. The filly, running gamely, actually raced into third spot between the upper turn and the stretch. "When she turned it on for me then," said York later, "I really thought I was going to win."

"Well, I was fourth as we turned for home," said Arcaro, "and at that point I knew I was going to win. It wasn't until we got down to the 16th pole that he really quit on me and I knew I'd had it."

But trouble had been brewing ahead of Arcaro and York before then. Boland had put Sword Dancer into a narrow lead by the 5 8 pole, and it was there that for the first time, so he reported to the stewards later, that Tomy Lee first brushed him. As he rolled on by Tomy Lee, Boland could recognize a voice yelling at him—a voice that was so close that it couldn't have come from the roaring crowd. "He did hear a voice," testified Shoemaker. "It was me. We were riding as close as you can get, and as Boland went by me I yelled over at him, 'Go ahead; you can win it now.' "

"And by God, if I didn't think I could, too," said Boland. But he and Sword Dancer weren't home safely yet. With only a head margin over Tomy Lee as they straightened for home, the pair lined up as best they could for the quarter-mile run at $120,000. Soon the fireworks began. The bumpings took place between the 3/16th pole and the 16th pole, but right about the eighth pole, says Boland, "I was a neck ahead when Tomy Lee bore out and checked me hard with his shoulder. When he did, it sort of turned my horse in. He did it a couple of times again, and it knocked my horse all off stride."

"My horse was trying to bear out," admitted the Shoe, "but I think maybe Sword Dancer was coming in a bit, too." The film patrol pictures show indeed that while Tomy Lee did give Sword Dancer one good whack, after that the pair of them ran on home as a close-harnessed team and that neither colt could have been bothered more than the other. Bumps or no, it did little to stop the furious riding exhibition put on by both jocks. As they reached the 16th pole, Sword Dancer still led, but only by inches. Boland, who was to use his whip no fewer than 20 times in the last quarter of a mile, was driving his colt with life-and-death passion. Shoe, who was forced to switch his whip to the left hand when the stretch bumping began, gave Tomy Lee some sharp cracks, too, but the payoff came in the last 50 yards when Shoe put away his stick for good and finished off his brilliant run with a masterful hand ride which inch by inch drew him first even with Sword Dancer and finally—in those agonizing last few yards—gave him a victory by barely a nose. It was a breathtaking finish to be remembered always, and for Shoemaker one which had an infinitely happier ending than that of the 1957 Derby when Willie stood up in his irons aboard Gallant Man and lost his Derby to Iron Liege by exactly a nose.

PUZZLING CONSISTENCY

Of the others in the 85th Derby there is little to say. The sprinters, like Troilus and Atoll, did pretty much what was expected of them, but those with better distance prospects, like Our Dad (who finished 15th and Easy Spur 13th and Dunce 7th), had really no excuses at all. First Landing, in finishing third—beaten two-and-a-quarter lengths—was doubly consistent: 1) he has still never been out of the money, and 2) in seven starts this year he has yet to produce the form which won him every honor and 10 of 11 races in 1958. It could be, as Arcaro suggests in a tone devoid of any admiration, "that this sucker just hasn't any guts any more." It could also be that such strenuous campaigning at 2, topped off by such grueling tests as were put to him in both the Champagne and the Garden State—in both of which, incidentally, he was all out to beat Tomy Lee—could have permanently sapped First Landing of the courage and heart of which true champions are made. Still another possibility: First Landing is just another of many colts who isn't about to go a distance.

A special pat on the back does go to Silver Spoon. Her race was better than good; it was very good. In finishing fifth she was actually beaten less than four lengths for all the money. It is conceivable that she might have gotten third money if York had been able to withhold his drive a little longer. But there again the choice was not exactly his. After York saw Arcaro making his move, he almost had to go along with him. The results for both of them were the same: they nearly caught the leaders and then both ran out of gas.

Such reflections on what might have been are all well and good, but to put yourself in the mental position of a Derby jockey can sometimes be pure folly. One cannot avoid feeling, nonetheless, that if ever a rider had a Derby doped out properly that rider was Willie Shoemaker this year. Willie had the great advantage of having ridden both Tomy Lee and Sword Dancer, and this knowledge of his chief opposition was of great value. These two may be so close in ability that it took all of Shoe's knowledge and riding genius to turn a defeat by a nose into a victory by the same margin. Was it not clever, for instance, that Shoe, riding a horse who habitually bears out, kept Sword Dancer on his outside at all times? Not to detract an iota of credit from Boland, who is one of our finest riders, one still wonders whether Shoemaker on Sword Dancer (and he was offered the mount) would have sought some way to put himself between Tomy Lee and the rail.

At any rate, what might have developed into real unpleasantness turned instead into a genuine show of sportsmanship on all sides. And for Owner Fred Turner Jr. the day marked one of the biggest bargains of his life. For Tomy Lee was really not supposed to be this good. Back in 1956 Turner commissioned his Dublin agent Bert Kerr to buy a Tulyar weanling at Newmarket. The price he paid was about $25,000. After looking over the catalog, however, Turner noticed some Tudor Minstrels in the lot and sent hurried word to Kerr that he wouldn't mind picking one up if he could get it for $12,000 or less. Kerr did pick one up for $6,762. The $25,000 colt came to be named Tuleg, and he has done absolutely nothing. The afterthought colt for $6,762 was named Tomy Lee, and in addition to becoming only the second foreign-bred ever to win the Kentucky Derby he has now earned the grand total of $373,217, which even for a Texan is a little more than just walking-around money. END

PHOTOGRAPHER Jerry Cooke stuck his camera through open doorway to get only picture of Shoemaker (*left*) and Boland awaiting stewards' decision. After longest delay in history of the Derby, officials disallowed Boland's claim of foul.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

'Flabbergasting and Amazing'

Nevada's flamboyant desert flower is in full bloom, nourished by gambling's easy money and adorned with lavish shows

LAS VEGAS, America's Babylon-in-the-Desert, is a city of superlatives, the praise agent's paradise. The stakes are the highest, the weather the driest; the sky is the bluest; the decor the newest; and so on ad infinitum. It is the only place, at least so they say, where you can get tanned and faded in the same day. The colors of gambling, as this week's cover and the photographs on the following pages show, are those of the spectrum. Las Vegas is so far removed from everyday experience, as Kenneth Rudeen's report beginning on page 88 attests, that it dazzles the eyes and numbs the senses, like champagne downed too quickly.

"When we first came over," says Miss Enid Mills, of Middlesex, England, the spectacular redhead who is captain of the spectacularly undressed Bluebell girls in the *Lido de Paris* show, "we were absolutely amazed and flabbergasted, because there is no place like it in the world. I think that's a jolly good job for Las Vegas."

It comes as something of a shock to realize that many Las Vegans lead lives whose workaday routine is not very different from what it would be in Kansas City or Peoria. None is untouched, however, by the essential Las Vegas, the glittering gambling-and-entertainment capital. For Dr. Carl Kaufman, a physician and nongambler, this adds an appreciated extra dimension to everyday life. "I would live in no other place," he says. "You have a wonderful sense of freedom; you have cosmopolitan living in a small town." To the Mormon leader Bryan Bunker, however, gambling is "a positive evil," which imposes a grave duty on the elders to protect the young from entrapment.

In any case, Las Vegas is one of the wonders of the New World. As such it must be seen to be comprehended in all its extravagant facets, all its various moods.

A CONVOCATION OF BANDITS

The one-armed species is everywhere to be seen in Las Vegas, where restless plungers play two machines at once

BREAK the BANK
10
15
20
3 DICE
20
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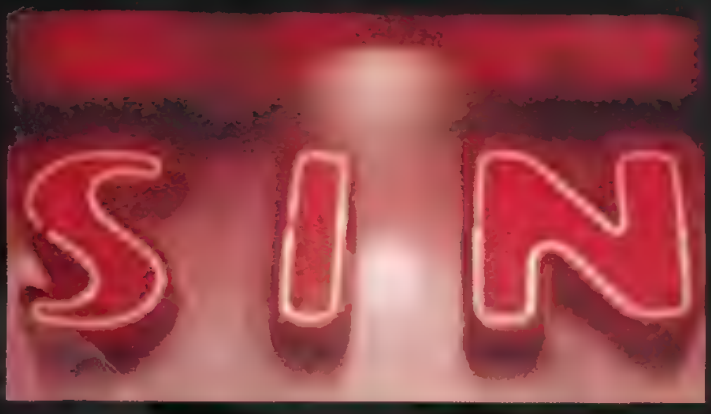
DAZZLE IN THE DESERT

Shellbursts of gaudy neon proclaim the enticements of the Fremont Street gambling houses in Downtown Las Vegas



RESTAURANT
The WESTERNER
BINGO
LUCKY STRIKE CLUB
NEVADA CLUB

A HAND OF TWENTY-ONE

Players await the luck of the deal at a smoke-wreathed, green-topped table in one of the plush casinos on The Strip

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Of Machines and Men

As warmer weather advanced over the Northern Hemisphere, a certain dreaminess and languor became evident in the pronouncements of eminent scientists: a young student was said to have solved a complex mathematical equation deemed unsolvable for generations; a Soviet thinker named Dr. I. Shklovsky announced that after prolonged study he has concluded that the two tiny moons circulating around Mars are really Martian-made satellites, put into orbit by highly intellectual beings, now extinct, who inhabited that planet two or three billion years ago; and an astronomer from Wisconsin told a scientific gathering in Washington that after extensive study he had decided there might be diamonds in the craters of the moon. A kind of scientific wool-gathering, speculations well-nigh poetic in their extravagance, suffused the scientific imagination, and it hardly seemed surprising, therefore, when Univac began to play the races and tried to pick the winner of the Kentucky Derby.

The experiment took place in a big, bare, scrubbed and dustless room on the second floor of the Remington Rand Building in downtown Manhattan, where Univac disgorged its conclusions, the day before the Derby was run, after five months of study. The atmosphere of the occasion was so calm that it seemed well-nigh irresponsible. Obviously much, including perhaps the survival of horse racing, hinged on which horse Univac picked, but only a few unhurried, deliberately voiced, neatly dressed technicians and engineers were on hand, and the machine itself, humming and buzzing in the middle of the room, tapes spinning merrily in a row of glass containers, and lights glowing in the bank-vaultlike structure of the brain, gave an impression of utter indifference. One odd circumstance of the Univac-Kentucky Derby experiment was that most of the people connected with it knew nothing about horse racing. Rom Slimak, a Polish-born, English-educated mathematical genius, manager of Univac operations, never saw a horse race in his life. William Mickelfelder, a New York newspaperman who handled the operation for the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, was once taken to Aqueduct when he was a boy but had never bet on a race; his specialty has been medicine. Last December Richard Starnes, the managing editor of the *World-Telegram*, put Mickelfelder on the Univac experiment for just those reasons.

continued

"And in this corner, facing Floyd Patterson: Father, Mother, Brother Rolf, Brother Henry, Sister Eva, Fiancée Birgit, Rolf's Fiancée Anette and the heavyweight champion of Europe himself . . ."

The exception among these racing innocents was Bill Bloome, the newspaper's specialist. He prepared the material on past performances that was codified, put on tape and stored in Univac's memory: the distances run by all the entries in all their previous races, how they finished and against what competition; their speed ratings, best time against track records and all such variables as track conditions and jockeys' performances as could be translated into the symbols used by the computer.

Now, it would be gratifying to be able to relate that all this professional background, freshness of approach and scientific acumen resulted in a clear-cut finding on the degree to which science can determine in advance the outcome of a horse race. What really happened was that the Remington Rand scientists worked on the material Handicapper Bloome provided, and evolved a weighted point-score system that came out right much of the time. That is, they took old races run in the long ago and, without knowing the outcomes (not being race fans), fed the relevant material into Univac, and compared Univac's decision with the real outcome. When Univac's choice wasn't on the nose, the weighing of factors started over. When Univac began to win these ancient races, the operation was returned to the Derby experiment, together with a few warm-up races in the days before the Derby.

Maybe there are diamonds in the craters of the moon. Perhaps Dr. I. Shklovsky is on solid ground when he says the moons of Mars are really hollow metal spheres which the ancient Martians sent aloft a few billion years ago. These are still agreeable scientific speculations. It appears, however, that it is now a good hypothesis that a machine is no better than the generality of mankind in predicting the outcome of a horse race. Human brains generally picked First Landing, Tomy Lee and Sword Dancer in the Derby, in that order. Univac picked First Landing, Tomy Lee and Royal Orbit, and put Sword Dancer well down the list, below Silver Spoon and Easy Spur. And yet, at this season of the year, it is difficult to evade a suspicion of a bit of springtime carelessness and irresponsibility

in Univac; perhaps a devil-may-care spirit entirely different from what the machine might have felt if it had had some of its own money riding.

Words of the Week

THE executive director of the United States Golf Association is called Joe Dey. He is also called taciturn, button lipped and laconic. He was, at least, up until last week when he opened his mouth on two separate occasions to say something. And when he was done, everybody else was talking at once.

Dey first broke his customary silence on Monday for Oscar Fraley, a sportswriter for United Press International. "What percentage of golfers play by the rules?" asked Fraley in a story-fishing telephone call to Dey. "Ohhh," said Dey guardedly, "probably not more than 2%." Fraley pressed on: "Does that mean 98% do *not* play by the rules?" Dey, sensing the logic of that, admitted: "Ahhh . . . ummmm . . . yes." And before Dey could hang up, he had allowed that indeed 98% might be low, that 98 out of 100 golfers will somehow break a rule before reaching the sixth tee, and that, contrary to common practice, old balls may not be substituted for water-hazard shots and winter rules do not apply on the Fourth of July. Next day Oscar Fraley's story whistled out over the UPI system, and 98 out of 100 readers sat up, stiffened, and said, "He's right, of course, but he can't be talking about me."

That same day the Associated Press called Joe Dey. "What," asked a reporter, "do you think of Calcutta tournaments?" The Calcutta pools, such as the recent Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas, answered Dey, were alarming to the golf association. And he said a suggestion had been made to bar Calcutta players from the National Open championship, sponsored by the USGA. "I don't know what action will be taken at our meeting next January," said Dey, "but golf is strongly opposed to any tournaments having the slightest connection with organized gambling. We are presented with a situation in which a golfer [who is auctioned off to gamblers and usually gets 10% of any prize his syndicate wins might collect more money by throwing a match than by winning it. . . . Under our present rules we can ban anyone guilty of conduct detrimental to the game. Consorting with known gamblers could fall under this category."

They Said It

FLOYD PATTERSON, *on why he left silently, instead of identifying himself after he was refused a dish of ice cream in a segregated Indianapolis candy shop: "I won't always be the champ, but I'll always be a man. . . . I don't want to go into a place where other Negroes can't go."*

INGEMAR JOHANSSON, *writing in* LIFE*: "There is something strange about my right hand, something very hard to explain. It is almost as if it was not a part of me at all. I never know when it is coming. The arm works by itself. It is faster than the eye and I cannot even see it. Without my telling it to, the right goes, and when it hits there is this good feeling all down my arm and down through my body. . . . Something just right has been done."*

CASEY STENGEL *of the New York Yankees: "I have written a letter to the commissioner, asking him to break up the Cleveland club."*

Dey had had his say and then the professionals had theirs. "The Tournament of Champions Calcutta is held in the open, is entirely legal . . . and 10% goes to charity," said Las Vegas' Howard Capps righteously. "Dey is off his stick," said Gene Sarazen indignantly. "I've been in golf for 40 years and have never seen a dishonest professional." Said Byron Nelson, the unkindest cutter of them all: "The rule might be good for amateurs, but not for PGA members!"

The USGA is expected to take up Joe Dey's calcutta concerns at their winter meeting. But those unruly 98 out of 100? Well, when you come to a water hazard, and if your friends don't mind . . . .

Tip from Mike

"I WAS getting so fat that it was even uncomfortable to crouch down and try to line up a putt," said Mike Souchak after winning the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas. He has therefore dieted away 22 pounds. "I was tired and didn't care anything about practicing because that extra weight kept me sluggish. Yet I believe that the more you practice the better you get."

Souchak began his diet last winter when he was thumbing through an album of contemporary photographs of a chubby fellow. The man in the pictures was Mike Souchak, 31.

"Right then and there I decided to put a lock on that refrigerator door," he said. "I knew all those hunks of pie I'd been having every night before bed and all that candy and soda pop I'd been drinking during a round of golf was no good."

In this diet-conscious day Mike Souchak, who has written two TIPS FROM THE TOP (May 7, 1956; June 10, 1957) for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, offers a classic, if deceptively simple, tip on losing weight: put those good old starches and fats out of your mind. "For breakfast I eat half a grapefruit, one piece of dry toast, hot tea and occasionally a couple of poached eggs. A lot of times I just skip lunch. Dinner is my big meal. Steak (but no fried onions), baked potato (yes, baked potato, but no butter), salad (no dressing) and tea."

"Now let's see what kind of power she has on hills."

Result? Well, Souchak lost 22 pounds in three months and won the Tournament of Champions or, roughly speaking, for every pound lost $1,000 gained.

On the Verge

IT has been 10 weeks since Jack Kramer's professionals set out on their 1959 U.S. barnstorming tour, and tennis followers can now make a tentative judgment. Lew Hoad is on the verge of overthrowing Pancho Gonzales as the world's No. 1 player.

As of last week the 24-year-old Australian had taken 13 out of 19 matches from the 31-year-old Californian, and Gonzales was shaking his head over the turnabout. During a break in the tour in Cleveland, for this year's professional championship tournament, Gonzales candidly admitted his discomfiture. "I'm in real trouble if I can't shake this slump," he said. "I haven't been hitting against Lew with much confidence."

True, a year ago Hoad also jumped off to a big lead (winning 18 of the first 25 matches), and true, Gonzales beat Hoad in straight sets in Cleveland for the professional tournament title the other day. But the temperamental Hoad did not lose to Gonzales so much as he lost to himself. When the finals were delayed 55 minutes by prematch ceremonies, Hoad fell into a nervous fret, chewed on the frame of his racket and completely lost his competitive edge.

Before he can become No. 1, Hoad must control this temperament; but he has lost his awe of Gonzales, and

(continued)

he has learned to handle Gonzales' terrific speed, sending the ball back as hard as it comes, and more consistently.

Yet the prospect of a new reign in pro tennis has not helped attendance on the tour, which seems to be off about 25%, compared with 1958. It would appear that the public, on the second go-round, has tired a bit of Gonzales *vs.* Hoad. The two newcomers, Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson, unquestionably had their luster dulled by their Davis Cup losses to Alex Olmedo.

Unless attendance perks up, tennis can expect fresh action from Jack Kramer, an entrepreneur who fiercely and firmly believes that the public is always right. Who's the most colorful amateur around these days? Where you see Alex Olmedo this summer, you may very well expect to see Jack Kramer—not crowding him, just watching, and with fountain pen in pocket.

Valedictory of a Bloke

"THE bloke is wrong," said Brian London quietly, putting on his elegant brown suede shoes after the weighin at Indianapolis last week. London was taking exception to the announcement that his weight was 14 stones 12 instead of 14 stone 12. Brian London is a very proper, civil and eminently amiable bloke. When he was announced in the ring, he acknowledged the applause with a couple of dancing-school bows. A little more than 10 rounds later, his highly topographic profile somewhat the worse for wear, the bloke met the press.

"Shoot, gentlemen," said Brian London pleasantly.

"How do you feel, Brian?" asked the press.

"I feel great, thank you," said Brian London. "I think I didn't do too bad. I think I did jolly well. I'm very proud to have fought Floyd Patterson. He is absolutely the fastest thing on two feet."

"Is he the fastest fighter you ever met?" asked the press, redundantly.

"What do you think?" asked Brian London quick as you please. "When I went down with that right hand to my temple at the end of the 10th round I was dazed. I told my dad, 'I'm dizzy, dad' but I thought to myself, let's have a hop at it; I'll go out and give it a try."

"Are you going to return to America?" asked the press.

"I want to come over to the States and really learn to fight. I'll come back and I'll learn, I'll learn. But I'd rather not meet Patterson right away. You don't want to go through that twice right now."

"What did you and Floyd talk to each other about in the ring?" asked the press.

"I'd say," said Brian London, "'Good punch, Floyd. Beautiful punch.' "

"What did Floyd say?"

"He'd smile and give me another crack," said the bloke.

"Did he ever hurt you?" asked the press.

"I didn't feel at all discomfortable until he hit me with that right hand. He never hurt me on my word of honor. But in the 10th round he caught me a beaut. Now, will you please let me shower, gentlemen. I'll talk to you later."

While Brian took his shower-bath, the press talked to the two Mrs. Londons: Agnes, his mother, whose husband, Jack, was also a heavyweight prizefighter; and Veronica, his pregnant wife, who was wearing a green lamé dress she made herself.

"Was it hard, Mrs. London?" the press asked Agnes, solicitously.

"It's bound to be hard, isn't it?" said Agnes London. "We fight all the way with him, we're bound to. But I don't see where it was all so one-sided. You didn't see him knock him out in the first round, now did you? He put up a good show, and that's all that matters."

"He [Brian] has bought me a charm for every fight he's had," said Veronica London, displaying her charm bracelet. "I've got 25. Now he owes me two."

"Is it the same, Mrs. London," asked the press, "watching your son's fights as watching your husband's?"

"This is a regular interrogation now, isn't it?" interrupted Veronica London.

"It doesn't get any better," said Agnes London, a bit wearily. "It's always the same."

Brian London, showered, greeted the press again.

"I'm terribly sorry I didn't go the full 15, gentlemen. But I did do better than Archie Moore and Jackson and Rademacher. I would have liked to have done better than Harris but I just missed. He caught me on the back of the head once, if you gentlemen will feel it."

Brian London bowed his massive, beaten head.

"I've got bruises all over, too," the bloke said cheerfully. "The boy's good. You can't hit him. The boy's good but it's been brought out of him. Would he have been as good if he had grown up in England? I don't think so, believe me. We don't have the coaches, the training camps, the sparring partners."

"Are you returning to England?" asked the press, redundantly.

"Yes, I would like to. It's my home. I don't think I let the Boxing Board of Control down."

"You haven't," murmured the press gallantly.

"Thank you, sir. Now, will that be all, gentlemen?" asked the bloke and, hearing no dissent, retired in his elegant brown suede shoes and red-and-blue bruises.

Bird in Hand

On the green there's so much of a flutter
That the ball isn't easy to hit,
For he putts with a goose-neck putter,
And the goose doesn't like it a bit.
—RICHARD ARMOUR

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization

Dr. David Cleary—diagnostician, New York—married Lise Dubuc, pediatrician, while interning in Paris—"we both were wearing masks when we met"—first smoked Robt. Burns Panatelas to look older, now smokes 'em to look younger.

Better than average tennis player—most memorable game: against "Little Mo" Connolly which he lost by exhaustion—Rx for relaxation: watch a good match, enjoy a couple of mild Robt. Burns Panatelas.

Loves pin-ball machines—says they're great way to get away from it all—"give me those ringing bells, the blinking lights, my favorite cigar, and all I worry about is tilting the machine."

Paints every chance he can—mostly seascapes and boats...was offered $100 for latest watercolor—admirer of another Sunday-painter famous for ever-present cigar—denies that's why he puffs Robt. Burns Panatela while painting.

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

The reason for Robt. Burns' unique mildness? Smooth Smoke® Binder Tobacco—a new form of tobacco, completely veinless for even burning . . . smoother smoking.

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TUNING UP FOR PAY IN THE

TRYING TO BRING LONDON'S GUARD DOWN, PATTERSON HAMMERED HARD TO THE BODY

by MARTIN KANE

FROM THE MOMENT that he first set his flat feet on American soil Brian London, a British prizefighter who must never be referred to as a boxer, was a changed man. It was as though a werewolf had acquired winsomeness, as if a tiger had turned pussycat. This drastic personality transformation took place in less than two weeks and cannot, therefore, be attributed to psychoanalysis.

Before he met Floyd Patterson at the Fair Grounds Coliseum in Indianapolis, where they were formally introduced in a contest for the heavyweight championship of the world, London had been regarded in his native England as a bit of a churl. A former British and Empire champion, he had never been thoroughly accepted, though his record was generally regarded as the best among the British heavyweights, though he had never been knocked off his feet except by a foul and though he had recently stopped (on a cut) a top-rated American boxer, Willie Pastrano. There was something about Brian—his lack of the social graces, for one thing—that chilled his countrymen's regard. As a fighter he was a brawler, a durable taker of punishment, and that won him sufficient acclaim, but there was something about his street of victory that held down applause.

But when Brian London entered Indiana he charmed the countryside. His geniality, his wide-eyed smile, his affectation of an accent closer to Oxford than to his native Blackpool, his willingness to tweak babies—all these won the hearts of the Hoosiers. Indiana ladies fawned on him and Brian fawned right back.

Tommy Farr, the ex-pugilist, who as a journalist has himself taken on the urbane manner and genteel diction of a Windmill Theatre straight man, studied this sea change for days and was increasingly astonished.

"Do not be deceived," he finally besought American reporters, who had known him since he upset their natural prejudices by staying 15 rounds

COLISEUM

King Floyd Patterson, defending his championship for a fourth time, took 11 rounds to solve Bully Boy Brian London's imitation of his peekaboo defense

Photographs by Hy Peskin

with Joe Louis. "Brian has never been like this before. In the ring he is a bull. He is without mercy, I assure you. I have seen him ruin an opponent needlessly."

Farr, writing for the *Sunday Pictorial*, was one of 11 British reporters on the scene, and most of the 10 others agreed that they never had known such a sweet-souled London.

They were further surprised when London, who has heretofore disdained defense, went into a clumsily effective version of Patterson's glove-to-cheek peekaboo style and made only sporadic attempts to punch, even though, on the few occasions when he tried his fast right hand, he landed it more often than not.

Instead of the vicious style which had won him so much respect, London hid for round after round behind his eight-ounce gloves, the standard weight for title fights in Indiana. He tucked them firmly against his chin and they alone saved him from early destruction. "I kept left hooking him to the glove," Patterson said.

Thus London remained afoot until the 10th round, when Patterson's alternative, a body attack, finally forced down the high guard. In the 10th Patterson crashed a left to London's body, then caught him on the temple with a right hand that felled London for the first time in his entire bully boy career. London sank to one knee. There was a count of 5, and then the bell rang. It saved London, but only temporarily.

GAME AND DIZZY

He wobbled back to his corner, his knees knocking more than usual. "I'm dizzy, Dad," he told his father, the dour Jack London Sr., who once had been British and Empire champion himself.

There was a quick decision that Brian should "chance it" for at least another round. Some hope still prevailed that he might survive the full 15 rounds, like Farr before him.

But the end came in the 11th round on a beautifully calculated combina-

continued

LONDON'S GUARD DROPPED IN THE 10TH AND PATTERSON SCORED FIRST KNOCKDOWN

And *do* go near the water... because Greenwood's Casual Cloth hits the deck smartly. Beautifully lustrous with a pebbled texture—this closely woven cotton repels wind and water* alike, sails smoothly through the roughest wear. You'll ride the tide prettily in Greenwood's Casual Cloth, sea-worthily styled here by Jane Ford for Sportmasters of California.

*DuPont's durable Zelan Zest finish for water repellency and wear-resistance. • Cotton Classic by Sports Top Sider

Regatta clothes by Sportmasters of California, 860 South Los Angeles St., Los Angeles 14, Calif., in red, white or blue. ■ Left: "Windjammer Coat" elasticized inner cuff, zippered side utility pockets, S, M, L, $32.95. ■ "Regatta Jamaica" front slash pockets, zipper back closing, sizes 8-16, $8.95. ■ Right: Columbian Coat, draw string collar and waist, double elasticized sleeves—S, M, L, $18.95. ■ "Midshipman's Pants" novelty sailor's zipper front, sizes 8-16, $9.95. B. Altman Co., N. Y.; Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; The May Co., L. A.; Burdine's, Miami

GREENWOOD

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tion. The champion, frustrated in a first-round try at a knockout, put the entire pattern of the fight into four perfectly timed punches. He brought London's guard down with a left and right to the challenger's ruddily contused body, which had endured a rib-smashing tattoo for far too long. He followed these with a right and left to London's jutting chin, now prettily exposed. They caught London as he moved backward and he fell to the canvas, very much knocked out, with the champion leaning over him.

"I have a bad habit in training of picking up my sparring partners when I knock them down," Patterson explained later, "and I guess that's why I bent over him."

The referee ordered the solicitous champion away and counted 10.

Patterson has the fastest hands ever seen on a modern heavyweight, but he has more besides. At his peak —and he looked better in Indianapolis than at any time since he beat Archie Moore—he uses these hands in bewildering combinations. He has fired as many as 14 effective punches in a streak. His scientific approach to the destruction of an opponent takes account of the chess principle that speed and force, in efficient combination, will capture the king.

A SERIOUS WARMUP

The king was amply defended but lacked an attack. He was a fighter of durability whose purpose was to provide Patterson with serious preparation for the vastly greater trial against Ingemar Johansson, Swedish conqueror of Eddie Machen, at Yankee Stadium on June 25. Johansson was a ringside spectator, flown in fresh from Sweden, and properly truculent.

"How about Patterson's body attack?" a reporter asked him. "What would you do about it?"

"I would give it to him right back," Johansson said.

Though the fight was a warmup, London took it with great seriousness. He had been advised that a good showing would overwhelm him with offers in heavyweight-thirsty America. And he was overwhelmed. Al Weill, who managed Rocky Marciano to greatness, said a California backer wanted him to buy London. Lou Viscusi, manager of the lightweight champion, Joe Brown, came

continued

My second most prized possession

There is a great temptation to address George Preston Marshall as "Chief." That's because his most prized possession is the *Redskins*, Washington's professional football team—symbolized here by a professional wooden Indian.

Being a sportsman, Mr. Marshall thrives on action, excitement and spectacle. The same reasons why he picks RCA Victor Color TV as his second most prized possession. It's the most exciting way to enjoy television, and the only way to appreciate the many fine color programs. Without question, Color TV is the best television there is. That is why it keeps making a place for itself with more and more people like George Preston Marshall. People who lead the colorful life.

RCA Victor offers a wide selection of Color TV models. Some—like Mr. Marshall's *Grenoble* model, above—come equipped with remote control push-button tuning. Your dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration for you. RCA Victor Color TV as low as $495.

ON THE 5TH ANNIVERSARY OF COLOR TV, SEE THE DIFFERENCE COLOR TV MAKES

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

FORD THUNDERBIRD '59

The car everyone would love to own!

THUNDERBIRD
'59

Actually costs far less than other luxury cars!

The 1959 Ford Thunderbird holds many surprises for you.

You'll be surprised, for example, at how much luxurious *comfort* this compact car offers. You'll be surprised at how easy it is to get in and out (Thunderbird's doors are a full four feet wide). And you'll be more than surprised at Thunderbird *performance*—you'll be thrilled.

But your biggest surprise will probably come when you hear the Thunderbird's *price*. The fact is that the proud and the potent Thunderbird costs *far less* than other luxury cars. Here are some other remarkable things about America's most admired car:

Thunderbird's size is unique. It looks hardly bigger than a racer, yet under the distinctively visored Thunderbird roof are four luxurious, individually contoured seats. And room for everyone to sit in elegant comfort.

Thunderbird's trunk is 5 feet, 5 inches wide—room enough for 4 big suitcases, golf bags, plenty of other gear.

Thunderbird's panel console brings ash trays and individual power window controls within convenient reach of you and all your passengers.

Thunderbird's driving, handling and parking ease is unsurpassed. The Thunderbird is so compact it can run rings around other luxury cars.

Thunderbird's ride is the quietest and smoothest imaginable — because the entire body is *one* solid piece of sculptured steel. This gives the Thunderbird greater strength and safety, too.

• • •

Your Ford dealer invites you to drive the elegant 1959 Thunderbird at your earliest opportunity. When you do, you'll find it harder than ever to believe that it costs less—*far* less than other luxury cars!

America's Most Individual Car

forward with an offer of $20,000 for London to meet Roy Harris in Houston. London, with a blackened left eye and a bruised right cheek, asked for a few days to think it over.

He had a great deal to think about, especially, if he is to fight in America again, the problem of combining offense with defense. Normally a heedless brawler, he had been so thoroughly instructed in the rudiments of defense that he seemed able to think of little else. His offensive weapon was a fast right hand but he used it sparingly because he was so preoccupied with protecting himself.

A prizefight is presumed to be a fight and so, traditionally, even though professionals generally are quite emotionless about each other, every effort is normally made beforehand to reassure the public that the two opponents abhor one another.

But in this case a certain unnatural camaraderie prevailed from the day Brian London left England. He was met at Idlewild airport, for instance, by Edwin S. Schweig, who is Patterson's lawyer. London was entertained, and at the same time hidden from the press, by members of the Patterson camp. London even had a sneak peek at Patterson in training and all but blanched at the sight. For training purposes London was given the services of Nick Baffi, who is a trusted friend of Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager.

It was highly irregular and on the surface it looked as if collusion were afoot. But the appearance of Schweig at the New York airport came about because he was escorting Cecil Rhodes Jr., who was about to be removed as promoter of the fight (SI, April 27), and was becoming, in Schweig's eyes, a man to be watched. And London was concealed from the press because, even two weeks before the fight, the promotional fumbling was such that there was no assurance that the bout would take place. It was feared that London, exposed to reporters, might blurt out something harmful. His look at Patterson in training was an accident resulting from D'Amato's tendency to be accident-prone. D'Amato had to consult with Patterson that day, and at the same time he felt he had to keep London in sight. So the champion and challenger, who properly should not have met except with the usual chaperons at the signing and weighing-in, were brought together prematurely, thus destroying a tradition.

The selection of Baffi turned out to be excellent from London's standpoint, for Baffi brought him to a peak of condition that the Blackpool bully boy never before had achieved. London had trained diligently, by British boxing standards, for his second fight with Henry Cooper last January and he then went through 15 rounds of punishment in a way that could not be attributed to mere courage. But those of us who made the trip to England to see this fight did not ignore the potbelly he followed into the ring at Earls Court, London. At the Fair Grounds Coliseum, Indianapolis, his belly was, by comparison, as flat as a Dover sole. The only coddling London received from Baffi was a daily ration of Brussels sprouts and a surfeit of tea. Otherwise, he damn well had to eat steak.

"I am trying to do an honest job," Baffi said one afternoon, blinking sincerely through thick-lensed glasses. "I know the position I am in and I know what people will think. But I want to bring this boy into the ring in the best condition possible.

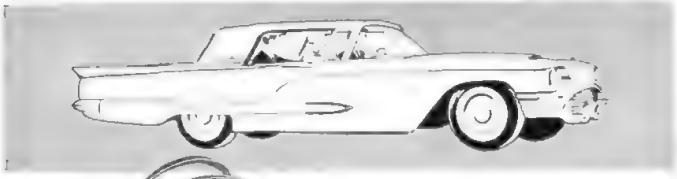
continued

THE END CAME for Challenger London in the 11th round, from a right and left to his prognathous chin and he topped backward, then rolled over for the full 10-count.

Sporty AS A THUNDERBIRD

New General Electric Seven-Transistor Rechargeable Pocket Radio

Batteries recharge automatically... just put the radio in leather recharger travel case and plug in to



any AC outlet. Batteries play thousand of hours. Small enough to go anywhere—powerful enough to play most everywhere. A perfect jewel of a miniature radio, this new General Electric seven-transistor pocket radio makes a wonderful gift for your favorite sportsman.

Model P785

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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CRICKETS"

Town Squires

by FREEMAN

Now comfort like never before... casual smartness in wonderfully pliant leathers combined with Town Squires' exclusive cushionized comfort. Available at better stores everywhere. Town Squires $10.95 up.

Write for your Freeman dealer's name... Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wisconsin

Naturally, in two weeks I cannot teach him everything."

All Ball had time to teach was a defense that permitted survival for almost 11 rounds. That was a lot.

Ball was trainer because D'Amato, engaged in his great war with the demons of boxing, knows few trainers who are at liberty and at the same time so denigrated by the International Boxing Club as to be trustworthy. During the IBC's heyday Ball fighters, some of whom were pretty good, were sufficiently ignored by the IBC to make him look incorruptible. Thus he became kindred to Cus. As for the London camp's willingness to accept a friend of Cus as trainer, it must be noted that a $60,000 purse had the effect on the London camp of a serpent on a bird.

Still and all, the whole sequence of incidents was at, afloat to the trade

FLOYD STILL LEAPS, as he demonstrated when he landed a shocker of a left jab.

tions of boxing. If you can say anything good about the IBC you can say that it was forthrightly devious, that its machinations were expertly contrived and that its public relations covered a multitude of sins. It never made the promotional blunders that distinguished this show.

Despite the blunders, the show was a promotional success. Tickets were printed only nine days before the fight, but even with so little time to sell them there was a crowd of 10,088 in the Coliseum, which seats 13,500, and they paid $122,800 to get in.

And, as a pleasant aftermath, it is reported that Floyd Patterson won a host of new friends for boxing in America's living rooms with his gentlemanly, compassionate and literate appraisal of his own evening's work and that of his challenger during a postfight television interview.

It was no surprise to those who know him well, but it was good to hear that Patterson, in his true personality as a fighter and a man, is beginning to be recognized. END

"This new Sano Smoke really takes the bite," says famous C. Stafford Little, Jr. to S. Young.

To the man who knows he should smoke it . . . yet hesitates

There are men, we are told, who hesitate to change to new KING SANO —even though they know it reduces tars and has the *least* nicotine of all filter cigarettes.

They suspect that this very superiority may entail a sacrifice in *smoking taste*. Once upon a time this was so.

But today, to their surprise, when they taste new KING SANO, they discover a new 'soft smoke' superior to any cigarette they knew before! There is no mystery about it.

KING SANO scientists have developed an advanced method of reducing nicotine and tars *in the tobacco leaf itself*, before the filter is added. This gives the filter a head start. No other cigarette does it.

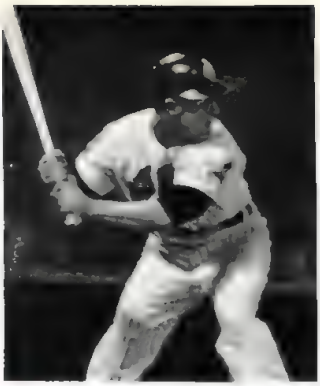
This advanced method *softens the smoke*, reduces undesirable elements so that it unlocks a new delightful taste never before found in cigarette smoke.

If in the past, you have hesitated to change to KING SANO—we urge you—try today's new soft smoke cigarette. It costs about 5¢ more per pack . . . is well worth the difference.

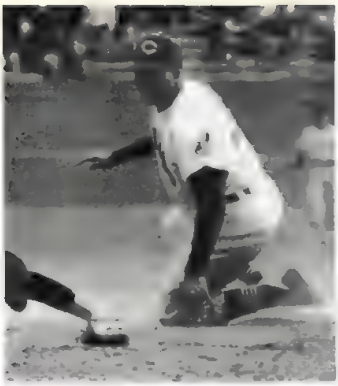
For there is no question that this is by far the wisest, most pleasurable choice of the thoughtful smoker today.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY ALSO PRODUCES SANO CIGARS AND SANO PIPE MIXTURE.

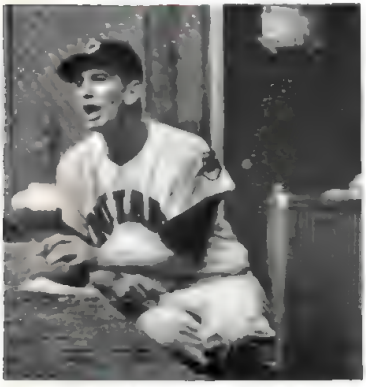
T is for Trades, by Boss Man Frank Lane; his barterings made some folks worry, but right now they look good.



H is for Held—Woody, that is—who began hitting home runs at the right time—on Opening Day in Cleveland.



E is for Effort, epitomized here by Vic Power, who steals catchers blind, has been hitting the baseball at .400 clip.



I is for Irrepressibility, as in Billy Martin; he brought along his chatter from poor old Detroit.

N is for the New effectiveness of Pitcher Herb Score, who made all of Cleveland happy by striking out 13 Yanks last week.

D is for Devotion, as in the glances cast by Ohio schoolgirls whenever Rocky Colavito hits another homer.

I is for Index of 1,911,423 fans who have given the Indians the best attendance in the whole league.

N is for Nixon (Russ), the catcher who calls the pitches for Score & Co. and runs when he must.

F is for Francona (Tito), a .750 pinch hitter who beat Yankees with a two-out, three-run homer.

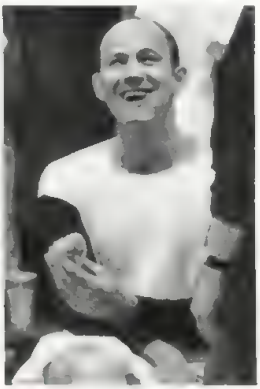
PRIMER OF CLEVELAND SUCCESS

*Photographs by George Silk—*LIFE

THE Cleveland Indians, irrespective of and no matter what anybody—including SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—has told you in the past, are the best collection of baseball players in the whole blue-eyed United States of America. They are, for the time being anyway, because they have won more games and lost fewer than any other team, they have beaten the seventh-place (snicker) New York Yankees in their first two meetings and they have made hash of our March 30 remarks, to wit: "We have seen [the] ball club this spring and we are not impressed. . . . The Indians are not going to bother the Yankees one bit." Understand, nobody is saying here the Indians will *stay* on top of the American League. But to find some of the reasons why they were enjoying a red-letter week, direct your attention to the primer lesson here, as well as Roy Terrell's report on page 70.

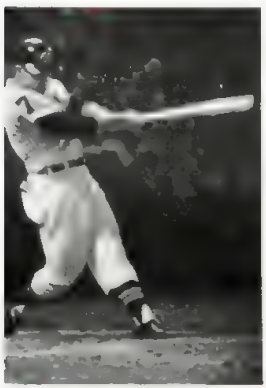
I is for Intensity, as in Minnie Minoso poised to bat in Martin waiting on third.

A is for Arm work of Pitcher Cal McLish, who beat New York and has 3 0 record.

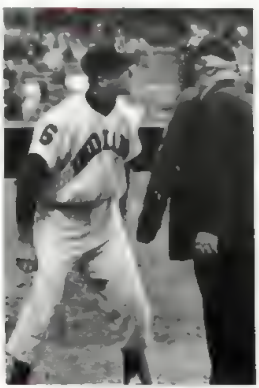


N is for Nutrition, ball park style, sustaining the .350 average of George Strickland.

S is for Sliding Jimmy Piersall, dandy centerfielder, late of Boston.

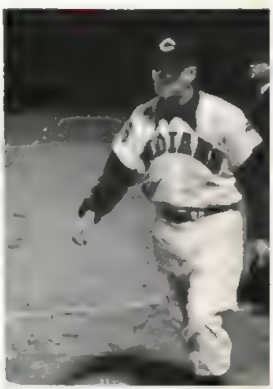


I is for Infield; it got some fresh punch when Gene Leek came from Arizona U.



R is for Rhubarbs to defend Cleveland's honor, as interpreted here by Colavito.

S is for Strategy (and also for Score)—sufficient to win 13 out of the first 18 games.



T is for Top Banana Joe Gordon, most secure manager of the week.

CHAMPION SANDRA HAYNIE HITS A TIGHT APPROACH

EMPLOYING FULL 15-YEAR-OLD CONCENTRATION, SANDRA HOLES A PUTT

LITTLE MISS POKER FACE II

CALM, composed and mighty successful, 15-year-old Sandra Jane Haynie has just added the Texas Women's Amateur Golf Championship to her string of 13 tournament titles, setting a course record to boot. Her poker-faced demureness and imperturbable determination under fire recalled to mnemonically acute observers a teen-ager of another generation, also given to white eyeshades: Helen Wills, 17 years old in 1923, coolly cutting down the opposition to her first national tennis championship.

Warren Cantrell, a Lubbock golf pro who claims he can discover potential golf champions by their walk, spotted Sandra five years ago, gave her a six-iron and a bucket of balls and told her to start hitting. Four hours later, alone and with blistered hands, Sandra was still hitting them. Five months later she qualified for the Texas Women's Open—the youngest competitor ever. Right now golf is Sandra's life: after playing 54 holes she is apt to spend the evening on a floodlit driving range, hitting a couple of hundred practice balls. This week she took out after her 15th title, the Texas Women's Public Links Championship at Mission, Texas.

TROPHY BRINGS OUT A SHY, RARE SMILE

Designed for the man who seeks the distinctive!

Perhaps you're out to break the monotony in your summer wardrobe. You're after something unusual, but not offbeat. Casual, but not *too* casual. Quiet, but not dull. What your closet needs, then, is a *Gossamer Sport Coat* by Hart Schaffner & Marx—be it 100% Italian cotton or a cool blend. So wide is the choice of stripes or patterns that it's difficult to narrow favorites down to one. Light in weight. Loaded with luxury. To top it all off, *Gossamer* tailoring has the "HS&M Touch". In other words, it fits *you!*

See the variety of *Gossamer Sport Coats* available at stores which feature Hart Schaffner & Marx. All models follow 1959 lines—slim, trim, natural.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE CAUSE AND THE CURE OF CORVETTE FEVER

by Chevrolet

The victim's symptoms are easily recognizable: increased rate of respiration, a far-off look in the eyes, incessant sharp shifting motions with the right hand accompanied by unconscious "ro-o-O-O-O-O-M-P" noises in the throat, an ineffable smile and frequent ejaculations of "Oh, *man*!"

These symptoms occur almost immediately after initial exposure to a Corvette on the open road. Expert diagnosticians believe the combination of razor-sharp steering and fantastic roadability, plus the tremendous elation provided by the Corvette V8 engine, produces a profound emotional change in individuals unaccustomed to a car that handles like quicksilver-on-wheels.

Unfortunately, there is no real cure; even though the patient is carefully kept from further exposure, he tends to relive his experience, to recall the initial excitement. The only practical solution is to provide him with a Corvette for daily use; he isn't cured—but, boy, is he happy! (Your Chevrolet dealer will show you how joyously contagious Corvette fever is.) . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR WALKER CUPPERS

The editor of the Glasgow 'Evening Times,' himself a Walker Cup veteran, writes of the history of the awesome Muirfield course, scene of next week's cup renewal

by S. L. McKINLAY

THE Walker Cup golf match will be played on May 15 and 16 at Muirfield, the course of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. The British Open Championship will also be played there June 29 to July 3. It is worth the while of any sportsman to visit this heartland of golf, but for those who have not had the opportunity let me describe such a journey and some of the memories it evokes in my mind.

Drive east from Edinburgh on the coast road and, after an enchanting 20-mile journey through, first, suburbia, then a mining area and, finally, farmland and seaside, you will pass through the heart of four golf courses into the villas, golf clubhouses and hotels of Gullane, a resort as dedicated to golf as St. Andrews itself.

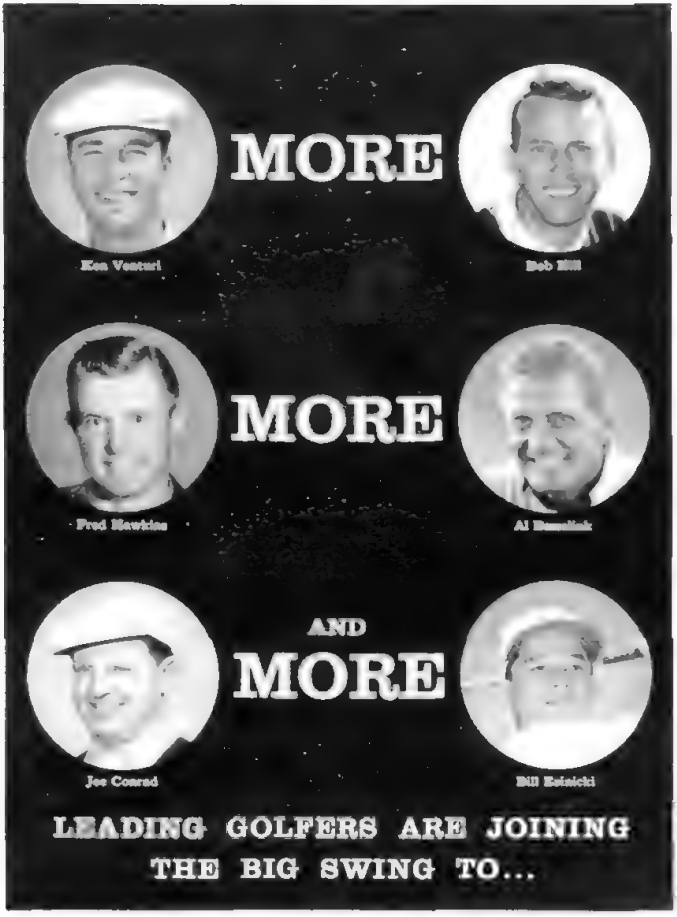
But Gullane (pronounced Gill'n, with the g hard as in golf) is not our destination. A few hundred yards beyond the little town a private road leads off seaward, to some houses, a hotel that used to be a mansion house of great architectural distinction, and the clubhouse of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. It is a rambling, commodious, late 19th century building, with high ceilings over large rooms, always maintained to a perfection that would make the most house-proud chatelaine envious. Equal care and devotion are lavished on the course, so that Muirfield, besides its other distinctions, is accepted as the best-groomed of all the championship links in Britain.

The visitor may at first have eyes only for the clubhouse and its treasures. Raeburn portraits (the great artist was once a member of the club), other paintings and photographs of past captains and personalities line the walls of the dining room and lounge. There are trophies which tradition has put beyond price. There is a case of last-century clubs looking as though they were made yesterday. Around everything is the aura one expects to find in the home of the oldest golf club in the world.

If the day should be unkind, which it rarely is in East Lothian, and the visitor wins the ear of Colonel Brian

(Continued)

FEARFUL BUNKERS POCK THE LINKS AT MUIRFIELD WHILE STIFF WINDS SWIRL IN FROM THE NEIGHBORING FIRTH OF FORTH



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THE BALL WITH H.I.V.

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United States Rubber

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF GOLF BALLS

Evans-Lombe, a former cavalry officer who is now secretary to the Honourable Company and brings to his duties immense enthusiasm, energy and devotion, he can spend hours browsing over the old records.

From the dining room window almost the whole course can be seen, for Muirfield is unusual among seaside links in that it lies slightly below the level of the clubhouse in a great sweep of linksland ending in tumbling sand hills on the edge of the Firth of Forth. On the right lie the stunted, wind-beaten trees of Archerfield Wood (the Graden Sea-Wood of Stevenson's *Pavilion on the Links* into which J. J. McDermott, then American champion, once hooked so many balls that he failed to qualify for the Open championship.

For the rest, apart from a couple of copses, there are no more trees than at St. Andrews itself and the American golfer may feel a little exposed and unprotected against the fierce winds from the west.

CHILL WIND BLOWS NO GOOD

It was chill winds and slippery greens that helped to beat the American Curtis Cup team on the same course in 1952, at a period of the year later than this year's Walker Cup match will be played. Chill winds there may be again, but unless the weather is notably unkind in the growing season before the match the putting surfaces should be smooth and consistent, which could not always be said of the Muirfield greens.

The course took a long time to live down the acid condemnation of Andrew Kirkaldy that it was "an auld water meadie," which is to say a cow pasture, but Kirkaldy's scorn was sour grapes over the victory of an amateur in the Open championship played there in 1892, and an Englishman at that—Harold H. Hilton.

Muirfield was opened in 1891, and the first layout, enclosed within a boundary wall, was only 5,280 yards long. Now it is over 6,800 yards, for [illegible] golfing concepts was [illegible] the wall was [illegible] and [illegible] cars. '20s [illegible] but always [illegible] the admiration of all golfers.

It has many merits, but one is pre-eminent on a course where the wind rarely dies to a puff. The first nine

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Your Hamilton Waterproof will share your roughest going and keep you on time, in style. Hamilton has the world's widest selection of waterproof watches—conventional, self-winding, and today's most talked about watch—the new Hamilton Electric. All fully jeweled, rugged, trustworthy watches. Guaranteed waterproof (provided original seal is restored if opened for service). Ask your Hamilton Jeweler. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.

HAMILTON

the gift of a Hamilton—reward of love

GERMAN MADE

Popular and precision-built Opel Caravan gives you station wagon usefulness without bulk. Peppy performance with economy. Built with American big car ideas.

AMERICAN STYLE

It has room aplenty for a family of five . . . and vacation gear, too. Or fold down the wide rear seat and get nearly 6 feet of flat cargo space for a ½-ton load!

THIS IS OPEL

Up to 30 miles per gallon. 56 horsepower, oversquare 4-cylinder engine. 174 in. long, 5'3" wide. Standard 3-speed shift. Opel Caravan station wagon, MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE $2292.60 P.O.E. New York*. Also available: Opel Rekord 2-door sedan.

*(Including heater, defroster, turn indicators, delivery, handling, Fed. excise taxes.) Transportation charges, state, local taxes, accessories and opt. equipment inc. whitewall tires additional.

THE BIG SMALL CAR BUILT IN GERMANY BY GENERAL MOTORS—SOLD AND SERVICED ALL OVER AMERICA BY

BUICK DEALERS

WALKER CUP *continued*

holes describe a circle clockwise, with the ninth green, in the best American manner, lying only a wedge shot from the clubhouse. The second nine holes describe another circle inside the first nine, only this time the holes run counterclockwise. Thus in any wind the golfer will encounter all manner of shots, with, against and across the wind from either side—which puts a premium on shotmaking and underlines the validity of the club motto, *Vi et arte* (By strength and skill).

MULTITUDES—OF BUNKERS

In recent years the course has become firmer and faster, probably because it is always liberally sanded when the wind blows off the dunes, and there are no finer fairways or greens to be found in all the British Isles. Fast the greens may be, but they are true and uniform, and the man who finds his touch should have a field day—provided he can find the fairways from the tees and escape the multitude of bunkers with their faces walled in turfs laid one on top of the other like flat stones in a garden wall. This refinement of bunker design is not for mere prettiness: it is a protection against the sand blowing out of the traps.

Still, if there is one seaside course that should satisfy American golfers beyond all others in Britain it is Muirfield. The fairways are so beautifully outlined between the fierce, flanking rough, and so many of the greens are ringed with bunkers, that it is target golf of the highest quality.

Oddly, Muirfield is a course that has not often been kind to American players, though some of them have had their hours of triumph. McDermott I have already mentioned as a victim of the west wind, Archerfield Wood and a grievous hook. R. A. Gardner, the great amateur, was unlucky in a different way when he played there in the first amateur championship after World War I. He reached the final, where he met Cyril Tolley, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford.

The curly-haired, burly, pipe-smoking student had his man on the rack when he was 3 up and four to play, but Gardner hung on, Tolley faltered, and there was all to play for after 36 holes. The first hole was then, in 1920, a long one-shotter (it is now

continued

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MADE WITH TYREX VISCOSE CORD

Since 1913, manufacturers of tires of the highest quality.

THE MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY · AKRON 8, OHIO · PLANTS IN AKRON, OHIO · HELENA, ARKANSAS · STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

FEEL...as in Spalding!

Golfers look for it, so often don't find it—the split-second knowledge after impact that says you've hit a fine golf shot.

"Feel," "click"—call it what you will, it's an experience you'll have often with the new '59 SYNCHRO-DYNED Spalding Top-Flite woods. For these are the finest.

They're "Hydrosealed"—pressure-impregnated with plastic to reinforce the natural structure of the wood. They feature Spalding's exclusive high-impact NYLON face inserts for greater distance.

Choose the perfect golf ball to go with your Registered Top-Flite Clubs, the famous *long-distance* Spalding DOT. Both are sold through Pro Shops only, unconditionally guaranteed.

a fierce two-shotter, and both players lost it to the green. Tolley's shot was the more accurate but so grand was the cause he was chosen to be the loser because he lost and tied the green after Gardner was already there.

Then Tolley, with that magisterial air that old bearded Hagen possessed, walked up and rolled in his 12-footer for the match. It was said that he had provided "just what was needed for his captain and that the team was pressed on the tee in the before-the-ball-had-started manner."

Six years later the American amateurs came again to Muirfield, as a battleship for guarded by no less a champion than Bob Jones himself. An American did win but, as all the world knows, it was not Lawson Little or Charles Yates at all but a Glasgow golfer, Andrew Jamieson Jr., with a hot putter and Jess Sweetser, Gardner player of that championship, too, but he was beaten by another Glasgow golfer, H. M. Dickson, who has since been president of the Scottish Golf Union.

CAMPBELL DEFEATED IN 1954

Another six years passed before the amateurs were at Muirfield again, but the American challenge was meager in number and quality, and as disappointed early. Five years ago there was something of a repetition of the 1929 championship. William Campbell, like Gardner tall, lean, athletic and a beautiful golfer, made an expedition in search of a championship that we in Britain would gladly see him win if the winter fog, to be at invader Lila Gardner to reached the final, though after some desperately narrow squeaks, may to fall to Douglas Baehl, an Australian.

So much for the amateurs. The records should be encouragement for Britain in the forthcoming encounter at Muirfield where, it is also remembered, the British women golfers inflicted the first defeat ever on an American, Curtis Cup de Good golf by the home players, allied to a searching wind and greens so keen and true that the transatlantic American putting superiority was canceled out, brought that famous victory.

Lest we become too confident we in Britain would do well to remember one of the Open championships played at Muirfield. Just 30 years ago American professionals, then admit-

continued

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All golfers listed are members of the MacGregor Advisory Staff

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tedly at the peak of their power vis-a-vis Britain, so dominated the championship that they filled the first three places and eight of the first 10. The last day of that championship was played in precisely the kind of weather that British golfers used to think they could master better than any invader. A 30-mile-an-hour wind swept over the links, which were dry and cruelly fast, with the greens almost glistening in the pale sunlight.

Only one man really mastered the weather, the course and the greens—Walter Hagen, who put together two 75s with a display of resource and nerve that only he could command. I verily believe that the Honourable Company, cherishing their ancient traditions and privileges as does no other club, would willingly have declared Hagen Captain of the Golf for his display on that day.

It was in that championship that Hagen hooked against the boundary wall that flanks the par-5 ninth hole. Undismayed he took his blade putter, stood "the wrong way round" to the ball and played a left-handed shot far enough along the fairway to let him reach the green in his par figure. In that championship, too, I had reason to know that under the inscrutable mask that Hagen presented to the world on such occasions seethed feelings just as human as those dismaying lesser mortals.

I had some small acquaintance with him, and he spoke rather agitatedly to me as he was walking to the 17th in his last round. He was winning in a walk, and that was the reassurance I gave him when he asked the state of affairs. He then tried to light a cigarette and, believe it or not, the great Hagen's hands were shaking so much that he could not bring the match to his cigarette. Maybe it was the cold wind; maybe, as I prefer to think, it was nerves. But when he stepped up to play a long iron to the heart of a tightly trapped green his hands were as steady as a surgeon's.

That was the only Open championship won at Muirfield by an American. In 1935 it was an unknown, roly-poly British professional, Alf Perry, who won easily with the wonderful aggregate of 283, a stroke less than Cotton when he won in 1948.

There is therefore in the records no lack of encouragement for the British amateurs, no lack of incentive for the Americans. One thing at least is certain. All the players will know they have been playing on a great course where only the best of golf is good enough. That is the way it should be, especially at Muirfield, for the Honourable Company insists, very properly, that only the best is good enough for them. They draw their members from the professions, especially the law, banking, medicine and the higher echelons of the civil service, and from the lairds and landed proprietors. And among them are many who know a golfer and how a golfer should play and conduct himself. They are the inheritors of a great golfing tradition which their club more than any other, including the Royal and Ancient, helped to create. It is fitting that the Walker Cup, which has made its own traditions in less than a fifth of the time the Honourable Company has existed, should be played on their noble course. **END**

U.S. CAPTAIN Charlie Coe is making fourth appearance as Walker Cupper

BRITISH CAPTAIN Gerald Micklem, a nonplayer, yearns for 1959 victory.

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SUMMER

The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview

Boating clothes by a lady sailor . . . The easy-living blends . . . A southern planter look in linens . . . What to wear with the two-piece bathing suit

DON'T READ THIS PAGE—

Until you have seen the color picture on page 63. That picture, and the one opposite, were transposed through a mechanical error. The sailors should be here, and these pretty girls should be there.

Sailing into summer

by FRED R. SMITH
and JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

THE GREAT U.S. boom in boating has brought on a boom in boating clothes that is big news. As some 5 million boats cast off this summer, the best-turned-out sportsmen yet will be aboard. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's summer preview therefore presents the best of both the newest and the tried-and-truest from which the sailor of a rowboat or a yacht can make a wise choice. The colorful New Orleanians shown on following pages and charging through the spray on page 63 are real sailors, and they are pretesting a fair-or-foul-weather collection of sailing clothes designed especially for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's women readers by Jane Ford (SI, Dec. 24, 1956) and manufactured by Sportmasters of California in Los Angeles. This collection is being launched with fashion shows this week at yacht clubs and department stores across the country. Other newsworthy offerings in sailing clothes, including new wind-and-water-repellent pullovers and parkas derived from ski wear, are also presented.

But you won't spend the summer in sailing clothes. Summer discoveries also include easy-livin' apparel: old fashioned seersuckers and calicoes, up-to-the-minute blends of Dacron and natural fibers for lighter-than-ever summer suits and southern planter elegance in linen and silks for summer evenings. All in all, the following preview of the coming season presents 75 items of choice.

CONTINUED

Nylon spinnaker cloth duffel bag, made by Ker-Lith Watts of Torrance, Calif., is for taking Jane Ford clothes aboard. It can be stenciled with the owner's name.

Feather-suits of nylon spinnaker cloth are shown by Mrs. Joseph Kilbee Jr. in blue, Mrs. Alfred Brown Jr. in red and Mrs. William B. Rudolf (in yellow) as they run before the wind in Rutledge Delgado's Dragon, the Jubilee. Their sailing shoes are moship Sperry "Top Siders."

Three active-sport foul-weather repellent poplin outfits by Jane Ford. Above right: zip jacket with zip pocket, dark pants. Hugo Rudolf in hooded jacket, red boots, and below: Mr. Mike P. Wynn in poplin shirt, pants, rollneck sweater, $8, Danfield, dark hat, $4, Abercrombie & Fitch, and in striped Bermudas, $8.50, Baffetz"

The spinnaker cloth used by Kenneth Watts, a sailmaker in Torrance, Calif., to make spinnakers for America's Cup contenders, is the basis for Jane Ford's spanking new group of foul-weather clothes (*page 56*). This nylon fabric is strong, lightweight, water-repellent and yet porous enough to be comfortable in the steamiest summer storms. Jane also uses it for matching scarves which she, a sailor herself, finds to be the simplest and most functional headgear. Red, white or blue water-repellent poplins Greenwood Mills make up the balance of the collection: a middy, parkas, jackets, shirts and pants in every length from California-short to Newport-long. Jackets are windproofed with elasticized inner cuffs (or elastic at both wrist and upper arm for push-up sleeves) and drawstring necklines and hoods. Many pants have front pockets below jacket level.

A gallery of gear

Starting with the striped trimmed poplin middy, $16, and tapered pants, $10, worn by Connie Kilburn, and proceeding clockwise, prices are: oxford bag, $12, 36-inch nylon spinnaker-cloth scarf, $4, poplin dress shirt, $12; short poplin shorts, $9; Jamaica-length shorts with front slash pockets, $9, spinnaker cloth jacket, $26, mechanic's pants, $19, hooded poplin coat, $33; sweat shirt, $5, poplin deck pants, $9, buckled poplin Jamaica shorts, $9; Sperry "Top-Sider," $4. Zip-front poplin jacket in center, $19, the shirt $12. All poplins come in blue, red and white; the spinnaker cloth in red, yellow and blue; sweat shirt in white, yellow, red and navy. All are available at the following stores: J. P. Allen, Atlanta; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Bon Marche, Seattle; Dayton's-Sweetman, St. Paul; Filene's, Boston; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo; Higbee Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Kreiger's, New Orleans; Boston Store, Milwaukee; H. S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Detroit, Fort Lauderdale, Miami Beach, New York, San Francisco, Skokie, Springfield, White Plains; Thalhimer's, Richmond.

CONTINUED

From slopes to decks

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In addition to Jane Ford's new collection of sailing clothes shown on the previous pages, there is more new nautical apparel this summer that has grown out of America's love affair with boats and life on the water. Here, photographed on more members of the Southern Yacht Club crew sailing Lake Pontchartrain, are the best of the rest. Particularly interesting are the madras parkas *below left*. They are made by Eleanor Van Waveren, a lady from Vermont, who tested them on her state's ski slopes this spring and has carefully endowed them with the same sleek functional qualities that skiers demand of their parkas. Treated for wind- and water-repellency—as are most of the clothes shown here—and elasticized at waist and wrist, they'd be just as useful on a beach or in a car as on a deck. The other clothes were picked with the same standards in mind—no claptrap, no embroidered anchors, but real sailing clothes.

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1 *John Gary paints his boat in a terry* [illegible] *from* [illegible]

2 [illegible] *Lacoste* [illegible] *Lord & Taylor, Wanamaker & Field.*

3 *A seaman's favorite blouse the mid-*[illegible] *Fisherman's* [illegible] *Hu wears it over brushed-cotton turtle-neck* [illegible] *Head Man Sta-*[illegible] *Bullock; the man's shirt of terra-cotta sailcloth (\$8.50)* [illegible]

4 *Connie Killeen, a first-rate New Orleans sailor, crews in a yellow sailcloth* [illegible] *the yellow-and-red to* [illegible] *Sta, Wash Sta, Mark's, Sol* [illegible] *Yorker, Du Mont.*

5 *Orange is a big color in boat clothes* [illegible] *Van Mell Lee Fr* [illegible] *Jr. wears it in a drawstring blouse of* [illegible] *patterned orange and pink* [illegible] *to the side of the great* [illegible] *and navy dungaree, and \$5; John Weitz of Printzess Square: Gold-* [illegible] *New Orleans Walk Rite, Dalco.*

6 *Rudy Rudolf, here on his 36-foot* [illegible] *the Cap'n Flint, keeps* [illegible] *bulky sweater with the lines of a pea* [illegible] *\$18; Catalina Grounds, New York Mills & Black, Los Angeles.*

7 *Pea-jacket influence is also seen in* [illegible] *collar, cuffs, vent, and by the* [illegible] *Sears Kaynee \$15; John Weitz for Marvin & Mendl; Du Blum Store; Joseph Magnin; Neiman-Marcus.*

8 *Alfred Brown checks the rigging on the* Cap'n Flint *in a blue chamoray jacket* [illegible] *Old Salt \$35, Bermuda Dungaree, Chicago, Lord & Taylor, Los Angeles. Hi* [illegible] *and Dacron cotton poplin* [illegible] *Cuban Lee Rider, Post Stuart.*

9 *Spanking white sailing pullover is of Dacron and cotton poplin, with ribbed* [illegible] *neck and cuffs, matching tuxedo Jamaica shorts (\$12 shirt, \$8 shorts, Florette Walsh; Lord & Taylor, Rich's.*

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JUST A MINUTE!
Turn back an hour at the bathing beauties on page 56 before reading this page.

Two-piece—plus

The two-piece bathing suit, about as close as Americans get to a bikini, is in for a big summer, and it has already created a new family of clothes to be worn with it. There are jackets, the newest being modified beach shirts or dresses that skim the knee. There are skirts, most ingenious of which is the dinner skirt (*see p. 56*) which can be worn as a beach dress (*below right*). There is also a boom in beach shirts for men: the new look is a pullover in rough-textured cotton or imported velour.

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Shown in New Orleans, to the beguiling city and at a swimming pool in the French Quarter, are two-pieces and their places. **1** *Frank Blank wears an Indian cotton pullover ($12, Bennett: Lee Ritter, Los Angeles; Outdoor Traders, Greenwich; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans), holds madras bath caddy ($16, Holt-Knowles: Outdoor Traders).* **2** *Luisa Gilardenghi pienics in white broadcloth smock ($23, Frank Smith for Masket; B. Altman; Famous Barr).* **3** *Anna-Carin Brickwood sports madraff dress of batik ($15, Smith for Maske; Famous Barr).* **4** *Embroidered cotton seersucker shirt-dress over suit ($20 shirt, Pembroke Squires for Cabana: Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel, John Wanamaker. Frank's Jacquard cotton tie ($3, Taylor Ties) sets off jacket of rayon-Dacron-mohair blend ($30, Palm Beach; Rogers Peet).* **5** *At right, Luisa shows a seersucker suit with dinner skirt that can be worn as a coat ($14 skirt, $18 suit, Pembroke Squires for Cabana: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; John Wanamaker), Anna-Carin a geometric-print suit and shoulder-tied beach coat ($23 each, Tom Leser: Hutzler's; Nan Duskin).*

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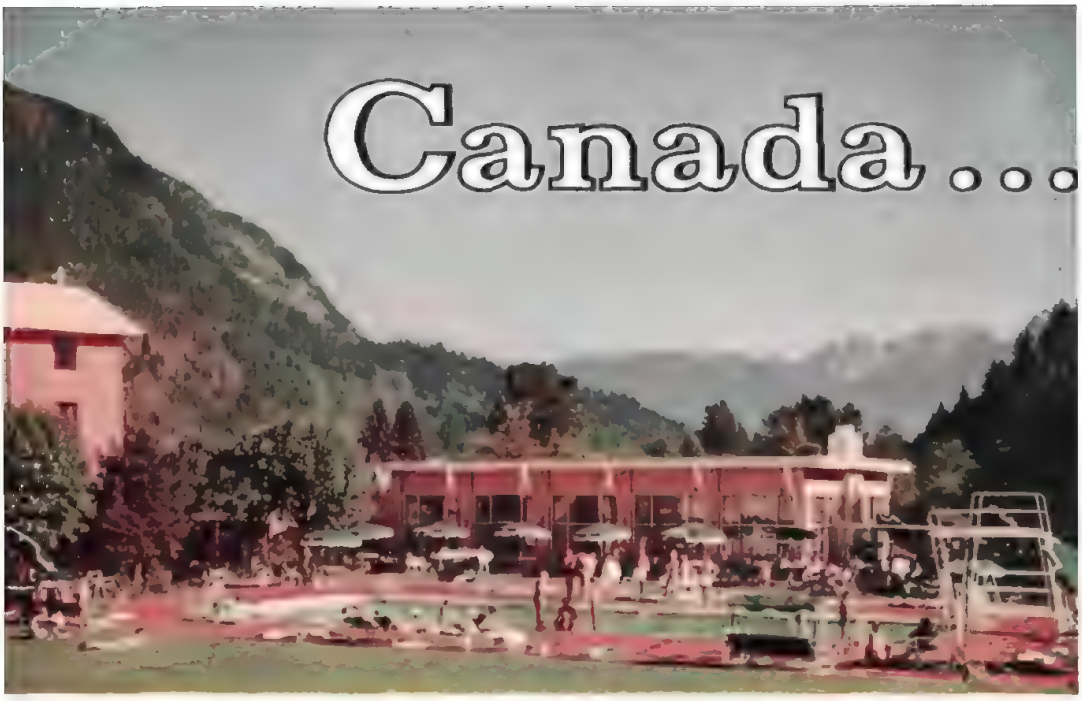

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A cool approach to a warm season

While life on or by the water may be the coolest way to spend a summer, it isn't the only way. Here is a varied wardrobe for warm weather in town or country, again photographed in New Orleans, a city that knows so well how to dress in summer that a local company, Haspel, made the first wash-and-wear suit. This summer finds a strong return of the dirndl dress; of the seersucker suit; of southern planter linens and the Mark Twain vest. There is also a new look in the evening, shown on this page—cool, elegant evening sportswear of silk and linen, one of the lightest fabrics ever made in a town suit (*right*).

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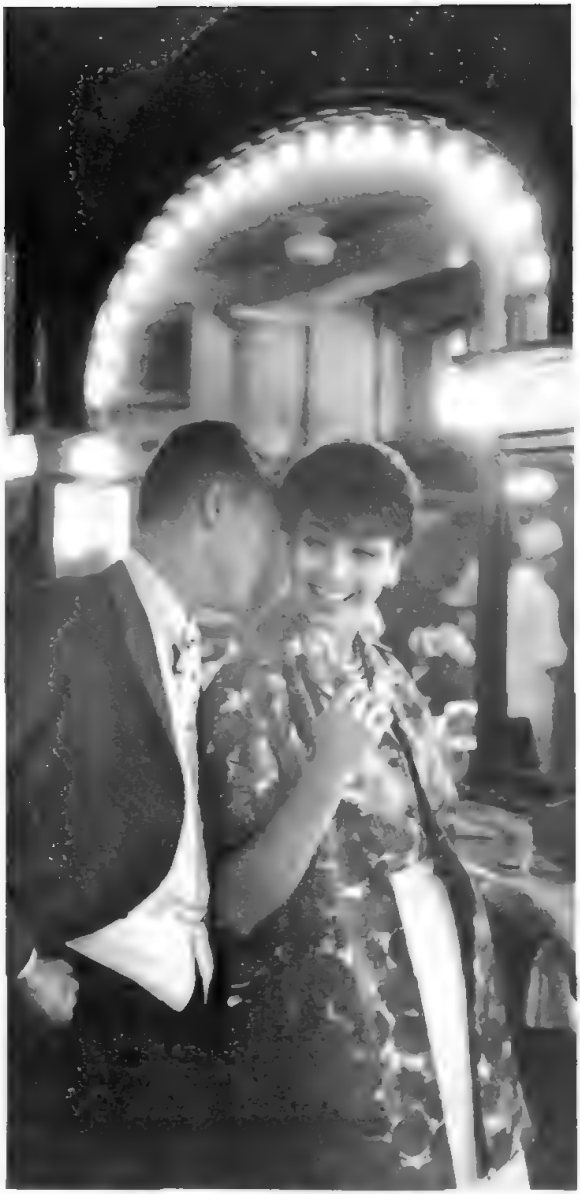

Anna-Maria wears a [illegible] dress ($45, Frank Blank) with a [illegible] ($25, Vera da Costa, Jane Derek, J. L. Hudson) and [illegible] ($4.50, Paul Stuart). Lucia's costume for the beach: a silk suit ($40, Sloat, $25) and dirndl skirt ($25, B. H. Wragge; Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Gus Mayer).

For cocktails in a patio, Anna-Carin wears emerald chiffon "windbreaker" ($23, Arthur Jr.) over scoop neck sheath ($45, B. H. Wragge; Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin, Gus Mayer, Jo. Stuart) sport jacket is yellow silk shantung ($85, Paul Stuart), worn with black boa tie, pleated dinner shirt, tuxedo trousers for evening

SUMMER

continued

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1 *Madras ascot ($3, Brooks Brothers) is cool solution to casual dressing up, here worn with button-down oxford shirt ($6, Gant), beige Mogashel linen jacket ($50, Lord*

2 *Gray and white checked jacket, matching gray slacks ($43 jacket, $22.50 back, Goodwear Philadelphia; I. Magnin, Wanamaker & Hardy) are of a cool wrinkle-resistant Dacron-Tergal blend. Pale blue Dacron cotton-blend dress has sport-shirt sleeves, cardigan neckline ($65, B. H. Wragge; Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; John Wanamaker).*

3 *The double-duty shirt ($30, Bronzini) is of fine broadcloth. It has a convertible Italian collar, red-white striped sleeves, is business shirt with jacket, sport shirt without.*

4 *Luisa's rowing jacket of terry toweling is worn over brown cotton jersey shorts and sleeveless shirt ($12 jacket, $8 shorts, $8 shirt, Bill Atkinson for Glen of Michigan; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin). Terry blazer ($8, Rabhor; Arnold Constable) tops patchwork madras slacks ($8, Brook House; Wilmington Country Store, Greenville, Dela.).*

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5 *Cotton dirndl is trimmed with rickrack ($27, Pembroke Squires for Cabaret. The Bloom Store, Jos. Magnin, Marshall Field.)*

6 *Dress Perri matches linen jacket ($40, Lord & Bloomingdale's, striped slacks $23, Carlisle Lord & Taylor. Avon Carnivore's patent rock madras $55, Donald Brooks for Bridge. Henri Bendel, Neiman-Marcus.)*

7 *Dacron-cotton sport jacket is in black-and-white check ($50, Chapp. Summer linen is of cotton poplin ($7.50, Countess Mara.)*

8 *Ted Purtell wears a perennial summer favorite that the sport still in more popular than ever: the washable cotton seersucker in gray and white-striped ($28.75, Brooks Brothers). His straw boater has a new, narrower brim, striped band ($6.95, Dobbs). Tab-collar shirt of broadcloth has French cuffs, is another revival ($5, Arrow). Tie is a silk paisley ($3.50, F. A. MacCluer).*

9 *Another example of the beach shirt is this one in a dishrag mesh. It admits sun, has braided-rope closure ($9, McGregor).*

10 *Imported robusts are the popular new beach shirts. Rear shirt has convertible collar ($9, Rabbor); left, one has short sleeves, boat neck ($13), other is brown-white stripe ($15, both Saveur. Webb's, Clearwater, Fla., Scott, Ltd., San Francisco.)*

11 *The Henry Higgins hat, inspired by one Rex Harrison wears in My Fair Lady and popular in tweed last season, makes its debut as the newest hat of summer, perfect for golf or beach, in tweed ($7.50, Brook Brothers and Dobbs; madras $7.50, Chapp.)*

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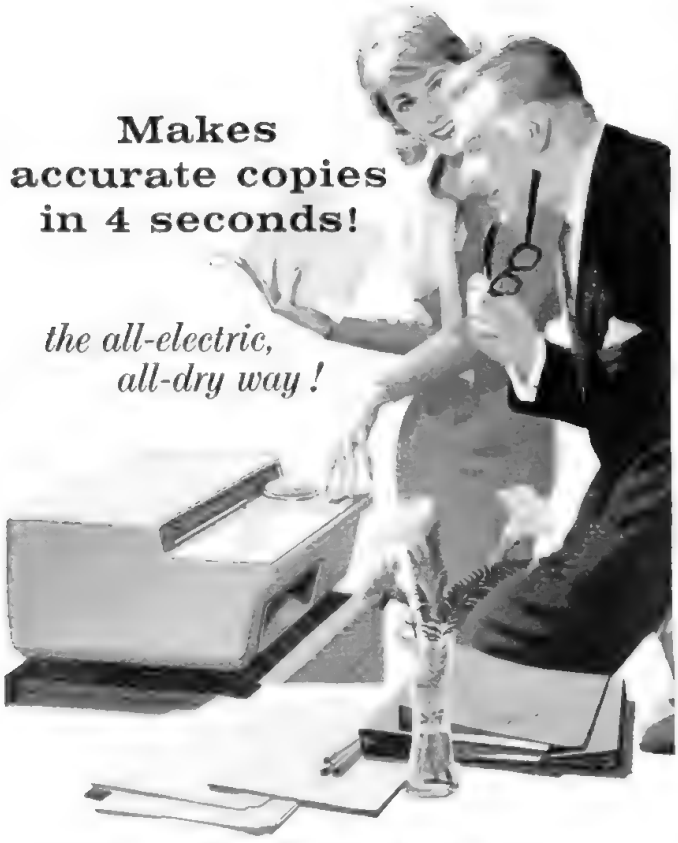

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BASEBALL / *Roy Terrell*

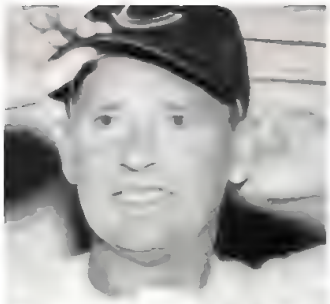
Down went the Yankees

But up on top stayed those startling Indians, who won two big ones from New York

ALL those people standing on their heads trying to make sense out of the American League pennant race should come on down right now. To do otherwise is not only to miss a whale of a lot of fun but also to risk the possibility of having to remain inverted all year. The way things are going, it could happen.

The Cleveland Indians are heading for the Hall of Fame, en masse. The Athletics and Orioles do not look anything at all like the Athletics and Orioles. In Washington it is rumored that Harmon Killebrew is really Joe Hardy and that Mr. Applegate has bought a season box in Griffith Stadium. The White Sox still can't hit home runs—after all, this is only a small miracle that is taking place—but the pitching is superb, the defense a thing of wizardry and the Sox are winning. Boston is having trouble, but without Ted Williams what can you expect? And in all the uproar the Yankees and Tigers, who were supposed to finish one-two on top of the heap, hardly pulling, are seven-eight down at the bottom, gasping for air.

In the first month of play some strange things have happened. Washington, in one stretch, won seven of nine games. Kansas City won eight out of 10 after a bad start. And Baltimore had a streak, too, winning nine of 11. But it was the poor old Tigers who had the biggest streak: 15 losses in 17 games. Only their ability to beat the poor old Yankees (they won a double-header on Sunday) kept the Tigers from dropping out of the league altogether.



INDIAN

INDIANS' HAPPY JOE GORDON

Yet the most startling development of all involved the Indians and the Yankees, the one because they looked so much better than anyone else, the other because they looked so bad.

In spring training the Indians appeared incapable of beating anyone (SI, March 30). Larry Doby, an outfielder, was at first base; Vic Power, a first baseman, was at third; and Woody Held, who was not a shortstop, was at short. The pitching staff was built around Herb Score, whose health was in doubt; Calvin Coolidge Julius Caesar Tuskahoma McLish, who appeared to have enough to do just carrying 33 years and that name around without having to win games in the bargain; Gary Bell, a 22-year-old with less than one year of big league experience; James (Mudcat) Grant, who wasn't even there, being temporarily employed by the U.S. Army; and little else.

WIN, WIN, WIN

Yet once the season began, the Indians won and won and won some more. They took six in a row and 10 of their first 11 before dropping three to Chicago. Held hit five home runs in the first seven games and was apparently well on his way to replacing Ruth in the record books until sidelined by an injured hand. George Strickland, who didn't even play baseball in 1958, largely because of a .223 lifetime batting average, apparently found that the rest did him good. He became a terror at the plate.

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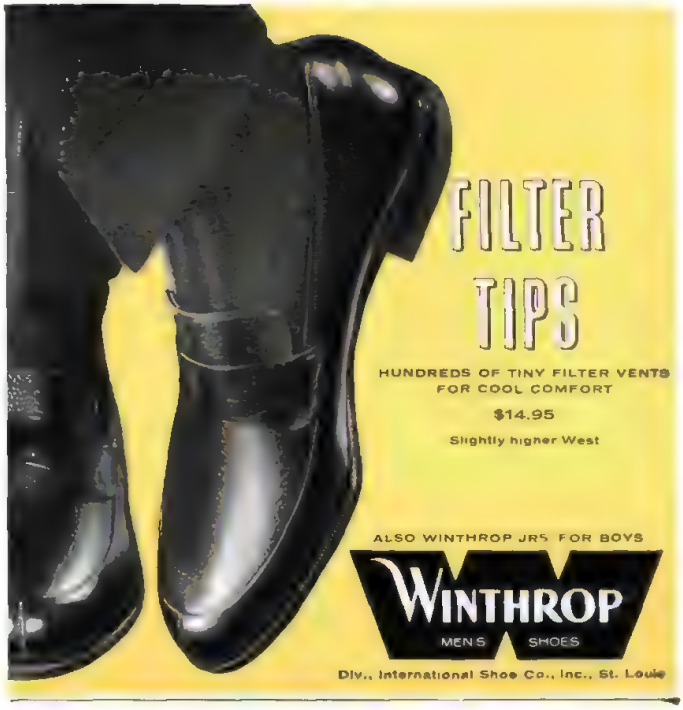

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The pitching was terrific, and the defense, worst in the league a year ago, was suddenly the very best. As a matter of fact, the Indians led both major leagues in just about everything, home runs, run production, fielding average, batting average, and all manner of pitching statistics. And, of course, in games won.

What happened is simple enough to see now. Manager Joe Gordon put Power back on first base. Held, who is a good third baseman, went to third. And Strickland, always a fine shortstop, stepped in to play short. With Billy Martin at second, it was a good, tight infield.

Then the pitching came around just right. Score was healthy. A little wild, but healthy, and therefore very tough. McLish, improving with age, was even tougher. Bell won a couple of games. Don Ferrarese, who hasn't really been counted on for much, won a couple, too. And Dick Brodowski, a failure of some note with both Boston and Washington several years ago and a one-game winner with Cleveland last season, turned out to be a real magician in relief. He didn't give up an earned run in his first five games.

Maybe the Indians *were* playing over their heads. So Held wasn't a Babe Ruth nor Strickland a Honus Wagner. Who cared? The Indians were winning, and in Cleveland that was all that mattered.

So the Indians, hitting home runs by the handful, pitching like beautiful machines, stealing base hits away from the opposition time after time, began to get their old fans back. Into the great stadium on Lake Erie came the people who had been staying away in droves the last few years, anxious to get a look at this new Cinderella team. While other teams in both leagues were losing customers to the cruel early season weather, the Cleveland fans just shivered and watched and cheered like mad. It was too much fun to miss.

By the end of three weeks the Indians had drawn twice as many fans as they had at the same point last year,

TIGER SLUMP aimed team, kept it eighth place, cost Manager Bill Norman his job.

YANKEE SLUMP stunned Casey Stengel and brought club a series of bitter defeats.

and last weekend, when the Yankees came to town, they drew even more. For this is what everyone had been waiting to see.

SECOND IS NOWHERE

Cleveland is the only team besides the Yankees to have won an American League pennant in the last 12 seasons, finishing first in 1948 and 1954. But on five other occasions, they finished second to the hated rivals from New York, and now nothing is important to the Cleveland fan except victory. Second place is no better than fourth or sixth, and they know that there is only one true test. Can we beat the Yankees? As New York moved into town last Friday, there were an awful lot of them, who remained unconvinced.

"Sure, they're hot," said a Cleveland taxi driver. "Some of these bombs around here are already talking about the World Series. Well, I'll tell you how I feel. They don't convince me until they beat New York."

continued

NEW YORK KNITTING MILLS make the sport shirts shown at left. "Orlon", 20% cotton in a variety of good looking [illegible] patterns. Available at fine stores everywhere.

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NEW! Automatic Kodak Cine 8mm they almost take and show your

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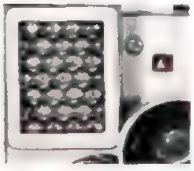

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And you'll *show* your movies with an ease never before possible. The new automatic Kodak Cine Showtime Projector is so auto-

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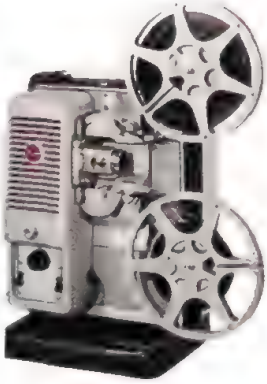
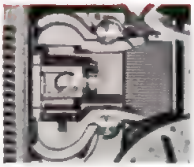
cameras and projector...so automatic movies for you!

matic it threads itself *all the way*—from supply reel right onto the take-up reel and then starts the show. It's the *only* projector that does this! So if you want to be *sure* you're shooting and showing brilliant, alive-with-action color movies, remember the name Kodak Cine. It means the very finest in automatic home movies.

(Prices are list, include Federal Tax, and are subject to change without notice)





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So, maybe he's convinced now. The Indians beat New York.

For seven innings of the first game of the two-game series, on Friday night, Art Ditmar of the Yankees and Calvin Coolidge etc. McLish were almost perfect. Cal McLish permitted no runs and but three scattered singles. Ditmar gave up only one hit, but this was Rocky Colavito's home run over the leftfield fence. The fans, and there were 36,682 of them, second biggest crowd of the entire American League season, almost tore the place apart. In Cleveland they love Rocky Colavito, and now that the big, handsome kid from The Bronx was hitting home runs again they loved him even more.

He should have hit two. The Yankees tied it in the ninth on Bill Skowron's double. Jim Piersall tried to make a game-ending shoestring catch and missed—and a single by Yogi Berra. And in the top of the 10th, behaving like all the Yankee teams of old, they scored again. Tony Kubek drove in the run after Bobby Richardson had singled and Hank Bauer had walked.

But this wasn't the same folding Indian team of old. In the last of the 10th, against Bobby Shantz and then Zack Monroe, they put runners on first and third with two out.

Joe Gordon looked down his bench.

"Can you hit this guy?" he asked Tito Francona.

"Sure," said Tito. "The last time I batted against him I did."

This time he did, too. He took one pitch, wide, and then hit a slider 17 rows up into the right field stands. The Indians won 4–2.

"We wanted to win this one Friday," said McLish. "But now I'm glad we didn't. Coming from behind against the Yankees gives you a big lift."

SATURDAY'S HEROES

On Saturday the Indians didn't need Francona, but they used Colavito again: he hit his fifth home run of the year, and Power hit his fourth, and Martin, who hit his third. With Score pitching a six-hitter and striking out 13, the Indians won 5–2 and led the Yankees, who had lost seven out of eight, by $5\frac{1}{2}$ games. They also led the White Sox and Athletics and Orioles, but the Yankees are the ones that count.

"I feel better now," said General Manager Frank Lane. "I was a little worried about those two games."

DEBONAIR Jim Dyck was hired by Tigers to revive and inspirit listless ball club.

As any practiced hedger can tell you, it is a little early to bury the Yankees, who have a most discouraging habit of showing up in time to lead the dancing at their own wake. Yet the fact remains that since July 26 of last year—with time out for the World Series, of course—this has not been a good Yankee team.

In that period they have actually played less than .500 ball, winning 40 games and losing 45, and that includes the Series. The pitching this year has been good. But the famed Yankee defense has been shoddy, and the awesome Yankee attack just hasn't been there at all. The big inning is gone, the one-run victories are missing, the extra-inning conquests have disappeared. In one 10-day period the Yankees couldn't come up with one single inning in which they were able to score more than two runs; they lost six one-run games while winning but two, and after going into extra innings five times they emerged with but one victory. To put it briefly, the Yankees looked awful.

"It ain't my pitchin' I'm worried about," growled Stengel, as he left Cleveland to take his Yankees on to Detroit (where they were promptly humiliated by Charley Maxwell and the aroused Tigers in both ends of a double-header). "I just need some runs."

Of course, he also needs to worry about what to do to catch those wild Indians. Or, maybe, what to do to stay ahead of those Tigers. **END**

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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

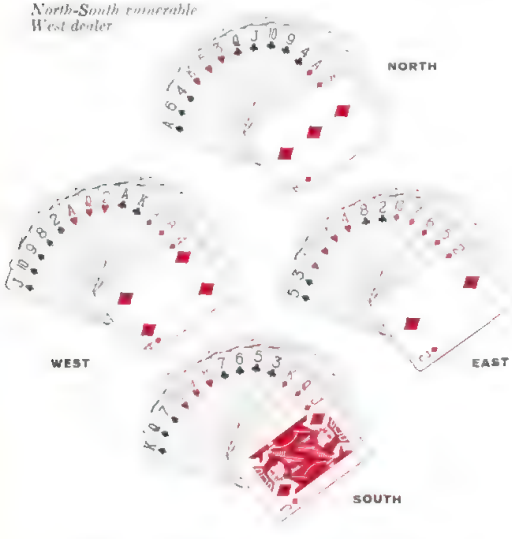
They play rough in Canada

THE CENTER of contract bridge interest next weekend shifts across our northern border to Montreal, and along with hundreds of fellow Americans I will take myself there for the Canadian-American championships to be played at the Sheraton-Mt. Royal, May 15 to 18.

As an alumnus of McGill University, an affectionate nostalgia grips me whenever I re-enter Canada. This lasts until I sit down at the bridge table. Then my Canadian friends proceed to put a severe strain on the affection by doing their best to beat my alleged brains out. And the best by their best is very good indeed.

Rating high among that best are my good friends Eric Murray of Toronto and Douglas Drury of Vancouver. Both are Life Masters of the American Contract Bridge League, of which the Canadian bridge leagues are now a part. I remember very well—but not fondly—what they did to me in the following tournament hand.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH (Murray)	EAST	SOUTH (Drury)
1♠	DOUBLE	PASS	2 NO TRUMP
PASS	3 NO TRUMP	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: spade jack

I was West. Since I cannot cherish the memory of partners who have to pass out my one bids, I no longer recall the unfortunate player who sat East. Because of Drury's brilliant play, East never had a chance to get into the act, although I am still proud of the coup by which I attempted to bring him to life.

My opening lead was the normal one—jack of spades. Dummy played low, and East's 3-spot left me in no doubt that Drury's king was a false card. So, when I won the king of clubs I could see that there would not be time to bring in the spade suit. Declarer would surely win three spades, three clubs and—to justify his two no-trump response—he must have the king-queen of diamonds, bringing his total up to nine tricks.

This left only the faint hope that my miserable partner had been dealt a jack—specifically, the jack of hearts. So, on winning the first club, I shifted to the queen of hearts. As you will observe by referring to the diagram, this wildcat venture struck oil in that East did indeed hold four hearts including the jack. After dummy's king of hearts won my queen, I would get back with the ace of clubs, cash the ace of hearts, then lead the deuce to partner's jack, and East's remaining heart would produce the setting trick.

However, that wasn't what happened. Drury could assure himself a heart trick no matter who held the ace by covering the queen with dummy's king. If East took the ace, his remaining 10-9 would be a certain stopper. But South resisted the temptation. He simply made me a present of the queen of hearts, and thereby cut communications between the defending hands.

There was still a forlorn hope. I continued by leading the two of hearts, hoping that Drury might play me for the queen-jack and partner for the ace. But declarer never gave it a thought. He scampered up with dummy's king to win the trick and bring home a handsome and a well-earned game.

EXTRA TRICK

The fourth dimension in bridge is the same as in Einstein's theory—though nowhere near as difficult to demonstrate. The three trick-winning forces—high cards, long cards and trumps—are strongly controlled by the time factor. In the deal just described, West, by reconstructing South's hand, could see that he did not have time to follow normal defense. His play of the heart queen was an attempt to enlist time on his side; it was foiled by South's timing of the moment when he chose to win his high card in hearts. **END**

Here's room. Here's economy. Here's the Peugeot '403'! Its 3-foot wide doors swing open a full 90°–no struggling to get in or out. Rear seat is almost 5 ft. wide; each front seat is over 2 ft. wide and there is leg room to spare. Upkeep on the '403' is wonderfully low. Its four-cylinder engine delivers 30 mpg on regular gas. And the price of $2250 (East and Gulf Coast P.O.E.) includes: sliding sun-roof, whitewall or Michelin "X" tires, 4-speed synchromesh transmission, heater-defroster, padded dashboard, cloth or leatherette upholstery, electric clock, windshield washers and "sleep-on" seats.

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FISHING / *Roy Terrell*

The fish that catches men

The leaping tarpon has an unmatched fascination for fishermen. Once hooked, he is never forgotten

Illustrations by Jack Kunz

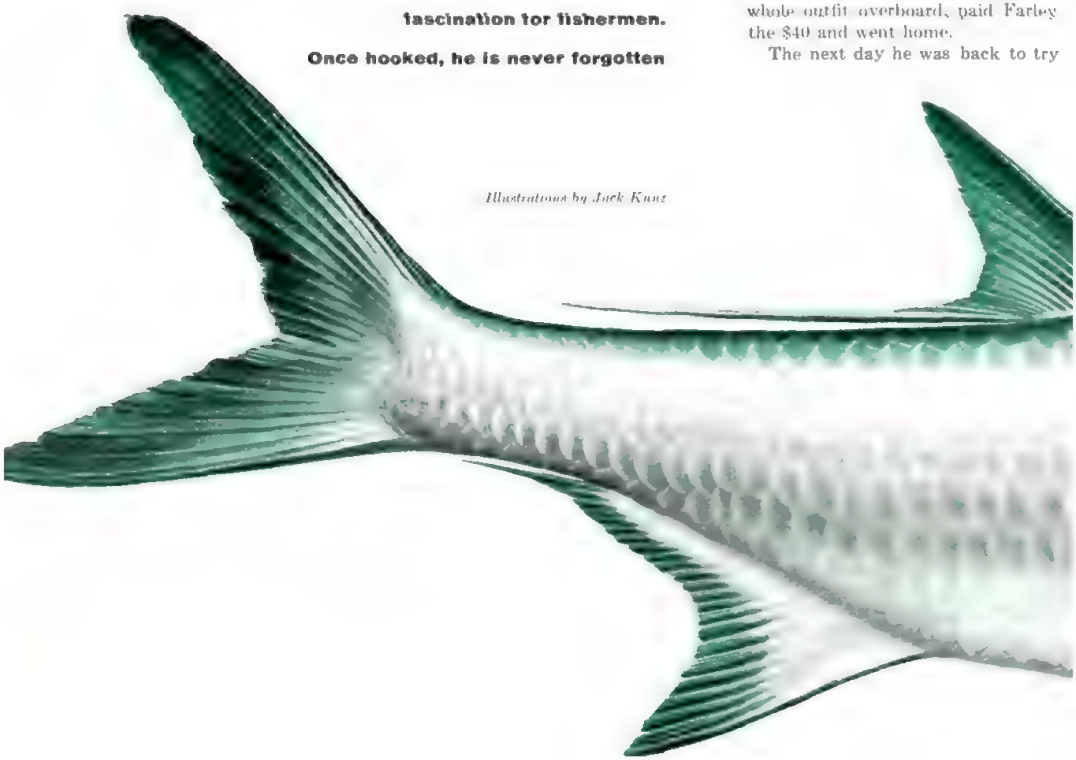
ON a hot, sultry day several years ago, in the gently rolling surf just off the beach at Port Aransas, Texas, a man was fighting a fish. It was not a very good match. The fish, which had great silver scales, a tough fighter's jaw and a short temper, was almost as big as the man and in far better fighting shape. He kept jumping into the air to glare at his opponent, and occasionally he would splash a bucketful of water into the boat. Finally, after an hour or so had passed, the man turned to his companion, an old fishing guide named Barney Farley.

"Look," said the fisherman, "how much is this outfit of yours worth? Rod, reel, line and all?"

"Why, I don't rightly know," said Farley. "I reckon around $40."

"O.K.," the man said, and turned back to the fish. "If you want it that bad," he called across the water, "you can have it." And he threw the whole outfit overboard, paid Farley the $40 and went home.

The next day he was back to try



again. *Megalops atlanticus*, the tarpon, had caught another man.

To a tarpon fisherman, this jut-jawed, armor-plated, silver-flashing rocket of a fish is the most spectacular and sporting creature that lives in the sea. "He is a largemouth bass that grows up to weigh 100 pounds," said one. "Where else can you find a fish so big that can be taken on such light tackle, in clear, shallow water, on an artificial lure? And where else can you find anything that jumps like that?" By the more mundane standards of cash value in prize money the tarpon is also rated high: this week in Florida three separate and distinct tarpon tournaments are in preparation or under way, with prizes totaling $56,000. St. Petersburg, opening May 9, offers $18,000; Sarasota, starting May 16, offers $13,500, and Tampa, which launches its contest on June 6, is putting up a total of $25,000.

It is not that tarpon are particularly hard to find or that, once found, they must be teased and tempted with delicate cunning into taking the lure. Around this time of year they migrate northward in vast schools over a wide range, rolling through the pale-blue flats of Florida Bay, up the east coast past Miami Beach, up the west coast past the Ten Thousand Islands and Boca Grande and Pass-a-Grille, along the Gulf Coast past the Mississippi delta, Southwest Pass and Grand Isle to Galveston and Port Aransas. During this period from mid-March to midsummer, tarpon are available to those who fish from skiffs as well as cruisers, from piers and docks and beaches, in daytime or at night. They are pursued by trollers and casters and still fishermen, with plugs and bait and spoons and feathers and flies, on heavy boat rigs and light casting equipment, on spinning tackle and fly rods. They can be found in deep water just off shore, in the surf, along the flats or in the bays. The smaller tarpon—and there are thousands of them throughout the estuaries and rivers and canals of Florida and parts of Texas—can even be found in fresh water.

The secret of the tarpon's fascination is that he is so very hard to catch.

There are only a few spots in the tough, leathery mouth where a hook can penetrate—a narrow strip of skin along the lip and a thinner membrane in the corner of the jaw—and even here there is no guarantee the barb will remain fixed. Those famed aerial gymnastics—a tarpon can jump as high as 12 or 15 feet and sometimes cover a distance of more than 25 feet in one great arching plunge—are a most effective way of dislodging the hook. When he comes out of the water, head shaking and gill covers rattling, the tarpon frequently sends the lure, whatever it may be, whistling right back at the angler who cast it. A lot of veteran tarpon fishermen bear scars.

Fishing from a boat and using 30-pound test line, a good fisherman can expect to land perhaps one out of four or five tarpon which he hooks. But the moment he moves down to lighter line—or the moment he leaves the boat and tries to catch a tarpon from a bridge or pier, regardless of what strength tackle he has in hand—the odds in the tarpon's favor soar to something usually far better than 25 to 1.

The world record for rod and reel, hauled out of Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo three years ago by a man named Mario Salazar, is 283 pounds. A tarpon measuring 8 feet 2 inches in length and weighing an estimated 350 pounds was caught in a net at the Hillsboro River Inlet, north of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on August 6, 1912. But these giant specimens and others like them, which occasionally

continued

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turn up throughout the range, are freaks and not the wonderful, leaping fish that anglers know so well. A tarpon in the 60- or 80- or 100-pound class, measuring five or six feet in length, can be as rowdy and boisterous an adversary as any fisherman could want.

The tarpon probably gets much of his desperate energy from simple primitiveness. One of a group of herringlike fishes, he is of even more ancient vintage than his relatives, the salmon, bonefish and trout. According to Dr. Charles M. Breder, the curator of fishes for the American Museum of Natural History, *Megalops atlanticus* has been swimming around in virtually the same form ever since the Cretaceous period, some 100 million years ago.

Among the many explanations for the tarpon's successful struggle to escape extinction, one stands out: he was well designed to begin with. Unlike other fishes, the tarpon has a large lunglike air bladder, and it is to keep this filled with oxygen that he comes to the surface at frequent intervals, his metallic blue-green back flashing in that rolling motion so familiar to fishermen. He takes in air through his mouth and exhales through his gills. Because he is not totally dependent on receiving his oxygen supply from the water, the tarpon is able to live for great periods of time in brackish, muddy, sometimes contaminated pools and ponds where other species cannot survive.

His temperature tolerance—University of Miami Marine Laboratory experiments place the range between 64° and 104° Fahrenheit—makes him definitely a warm-water fish. He can also live in either salt or fresh water, and tarpon are frequently found in lakes separated as much as 100 river miles from the sea.

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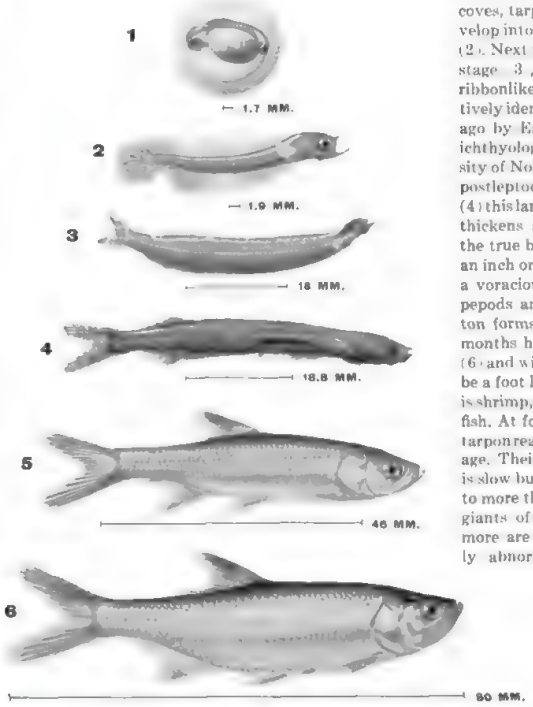
HOW A TARPON GROWS



Washed into protected coves, tarpon eggs (1) develop into prolarval stage (2). Next is leptocephalus stage (3), an elongated, ribbonlike larva first positively identified two years ago by Earl Deubler, an ichthyologist of University of North Carolina. In postleptocephalid stage (4) this larva shortens and thickens and grows into the true baby tarpon (5), an inch or more in length, a voracious feeder of copepods and other plankton forms. Within a few months he is fully scaled (6) and within a year may be a foot long. Staple diet is shrimp, crabs and small fish. At four or five years tarpon reach the spawning age. Their rate of growth is slow but continuous up to more than 100 pounds; giants of 200 pounds or more are almost certainly abnormal specimens.

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Small tarpon can withstand direct transfer from one medium to the other, and very small baby tarpon can survive for hours without any water at all. Buck Starke, one of the famous guides of the Keys, once found a handful of two- and three-inch tarpon in a land-locked pool among the mangroves, and put them in his hat to show the folks back home. The hat was wet—it had been raining—and apparently this was all the moisture the little fellows required. When Buck dumped the contents out on the kitchen table four hours later, they were still breathing, so he put them in the sink. His son transferred them to a fresh-water tank a few hours later, and the next spring they were released back into the bay. By then they were almost a foot long.

The large adult female tarpon will carry more than 10 million eggs into the spawning season, each spring, odds which insure that a large number will survive the early depredations of certain varieties of voracious plankton which feed upon tarpon eggs. Baby tarpon, like any small fish in the sea, are vulnerable too, but once the tarpon reaches maturity he has every thing in his favor. He is big and strong and well armored, and his speed and terrific acceleration keep him out of danger. And, apparently, he is distasteful even to the shark, his lone enemy and old traveling companion through the ages. Only the hammerhead shark, which will take a bite out of just about anything that comes along, really seems to relish tarpon flesh.

The range of the tarpon extends throughout the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, south to Venezuela and Brazil, north to the Carolinas and even Chesapeake Bay. Strays are occasionally found as far south as Argentina and as far north as the mouth of New York Bay, where a few are taken each year in pound nets. Twice, years ago, tarpon were reported in Nova Scotia, and across the Atlantic they are quite common off the northwest Africa coast. But for some reason, tarpon are not found in the Pacific. There is a close relative, the oxeye herring, or *Megalops cyprinoides*, common to the Indo-Malaya region, from the north coast of New South Wales around Australia and up among the islands to the north. But this is a smaller fish, seldom reaching

TARPON KILLERS GERALD COUGHLAN

four feet in length, and it has a much larger eye. While tarpon are present in the locks of the Panama Canal and abound in Gatun Lake, with easy access to the Pacific, they never venture more than a few miles from the western outlet of the canal.

The great tarpon fishing waters of the Northern Hemisphere are at the mouth of the Panuco River or at Port Aransas, where it was once named Tarpon, or at Grand Isle or at any one of several Florida locations, including Boca Grande Pass, Cape Sable in the Everglades or at Bahia Honda, between Marathon and Key West. But for the real tarpon enthusiast and the ardent sport at its best, there is no place to compare with that vast area of shallow, big water and many-dotted islets between the Keys and Everglades known as "the back country" of Florida Bay. Here are the perfect conditions for tarpon fishing: crystal-clear water over the flats and hordes of big, hungry fish. Casting for giant tarpon from a small skiff with ultralight tackle in clear, shallow water is one of the most delightful fishing experiences known to man. Here are combined the patience of the hunt, the thrill of the stalk, the skill of expert casting and a type of fight unequaled anywhere else.

Because you can actually see the fish in the water from a great distance, there is first of all the dramatic impact of viewing the great shadowy form which is the prey. With the outboard motor raised from the water, the skiff is poled slowly and carefully toward the fish. Once within casting range, the lure must be presented at just the right moment and to the exact spot, usually about six feet ahead of a slow-moving tarpon. An improp-

AND GUIDE JIM ALBRIGHT IN ACTION

erly placed plug will either startle him into immediate flight or else fail to attract him at all. And then, of course, there is the fight. The tarpon, wherever he is caught, will jump. But sometimes he will go down to fight, too, if the water is deep enough, and eventually in most places he usually tries this. But in the back country of Florida Bay, where the water is measured in feet instead of fathoms, there is no place for him to go but up.

The greatest practitioner of the art of fishing for tarpon with light tackle —plugging or fly rod—is Gerald Coughlan, a man who in his spare (nontarpon-fishing) time manufactures soot destroyers in New Jersey for the chimney sweep business. Coughlan, who has fished for practically every game fish in the world's oceans, considers the tarpon the greatest fish of all. He has caught them by the hundreds, including 53 weighing more than 100 pounds. He has won the Metropolitan Miami Tournament so often that they are about to give it to him for keeps. Recently, he was persuaded to give his views on tarpon and how to catch them.

"It's mostly hard work and experience," Coughlan said. "There are still those who say this kind of fishing is trick fishing, that big tarpon were never meant to be caught on such light tackle. But there is one simple test: if you consistently catch fish, using any kind of tackle, then there is nothing tricky about it. Of course," and Coughlan smiles when he says this, "you can't make any mistakes when you have a big tarpon on this kind of tackle.

"I use a torpedo-shaped, surface-type lure when plugging. The under-

continued

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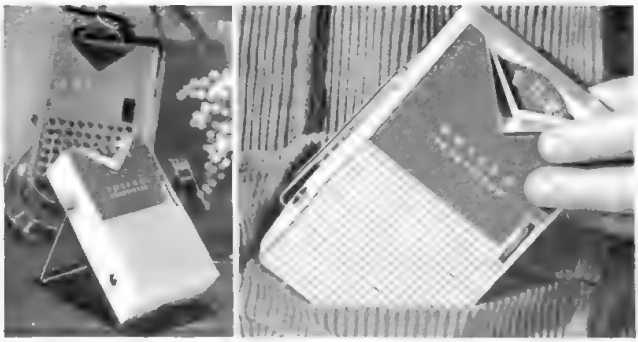

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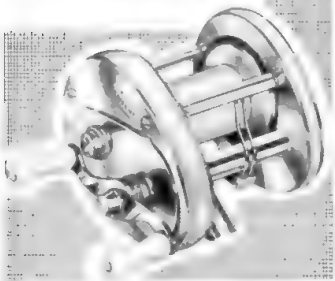

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"When you do strike, strike him again, two or three times, hard. It's better to risk pulling the hook out then than to fight him for an hour and then lose him at the end.

"Once the fish is hooked, the real secret to catching tarpon, if there is one, comes in. He is going to jump very quickly, once, twice, three times. When he does, don't fight him too hard. In the first few minutes, when he is fresh, no matter how hard you fight him, a big tarpon is going to take out line. So don't overdo it then. Wait until he gets that first burst out of his system, then fight him as hard as you can. The rod should be bent right up to the maximum, with pressure on the line to near breaking point. Wear him out.

"Then, when you have him up near the boat, be very careful. A tarpon can be lying on his side on the surface, apparently completely done in, and suddenly he will begin to vibrate, give a few flips of that tail and go straight up in the air all over again. Handle him gently at the boat."

If, Coughlan was once asked, you like to fish for tarpon so much, why do you bother to fish for anything else?

"I'll tell you," he said. "Fellows used to walk up to me and say 'Don't start talking to us about what a great fish the tarpon is. Wait until you get hold of a big marlin.' Or it was a sailfish or a tuna or something else. So I went out and caught sailfish and marlin and tuna and just about everything else.

"Now, when they come up to me with that old story, I just say 'I have. I've caught them all. The tarpon is still the best.'" **END**

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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GAMBLING'S ADULT

by KENNETH RUDEEN

AS A VISITOR to Las Vegas casts an eye northward along the glittering thoroughfare known as The Strip, he may see, at a service station to his left, a neon sign with this message: FREE ASPIRIN—ASK US ANYTHING. The visitor may not discover until he leaves town that the reverse side of the sign also has a message. It is, FREE ASPIRIN & OUR TENDER SYMPATHY. Thus the proprietor neatly plays on the moods of his prospective customers. Arriving, they are travel-weary, yet eager and hopeful, and the sign hints of inside information about the gambling places which he so temptingly ahead. Departing, they have no need to ask questions. The majority have played and lost, and they need all the sympathy they can get.

"If you lose at Las Vegas," says the eminent nightclub comedian Joe E. Lewis, a man who speaks from experience, "just remember there's more where that went." The mountain-ringed oasis in the badlands of southern Nevada is crowded, prosperous and expanding apace essentially because the ancient human passion for gambling has never been daunted by unfavorable odds.

Needless to say, you can gamble anywhere if you try hard enough. Las Vegas is the particular symbol, the glamour town of American gambling. It is unique. Along with the fascinations of legal craps, twenty-one and roulette (the big three casino games), slot machines and half a dozen other gambling pastimes, Las Vegas week in and week out offers the most lavish concentration of big-name entertainers in the country.

In the last year the town has also begun to cash in on the enormous popularity of Parisian extravaganzas. Legislative opposition—the so-called Bare Bosom Bill—died in committee; the *Lido* show at the Stardust and *La Nouvelle Eve* at El Rancho Vegas (sharing billing with Joe E. Lewis) are doing gold-rush business.

No one pretends, however, that the shows pay their own way. They flourish in the luxurious hotels on The Strip for no other reason than that they bring customers into the hotel casinos. As the showgoers flood and ebb through the gaming rooms on the way to and from the twice-nightly performances (three on Saturday), they deposit an alluvium of legal tender in the slot machines and at the tables as surely as the Nile enriches its delta.

On and off The Strip the Nevada gambling "industry," as it is often called, appears to be doing very well indeed. Gross profits reported to the State Tax Commission last year added up to a cool $147.7 million. More than half of this—$83.5 million—was taken in by operators in Clark County, of which Las Vegas is the seat. It is impossible to calculate exactly the total gambling play in Nevada in 1958. A good guess is that the figure approached $750 million. Gambling taxes and fees collected by the state have soared from $1.1 million in 1948 to $7.1 million last year, or about one-fourth of the total state budget.

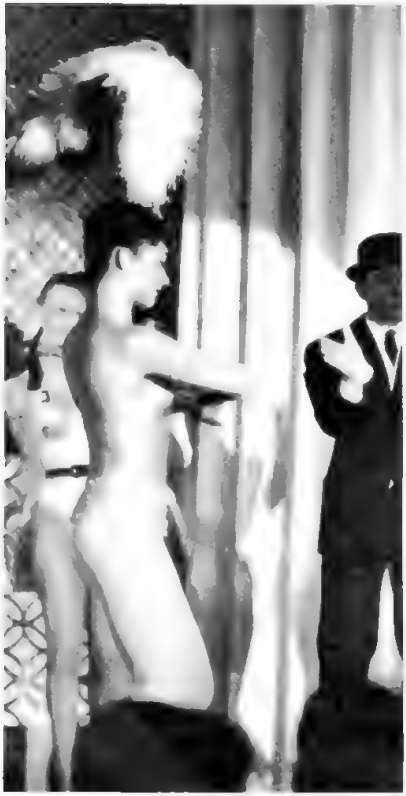
LAS VEGAS is bullish about the future, with good reason. The permanent population within the city has more than doubled since World War II, to an estimated 55,000 today; counting suburbs the total rises to about 120,000. The chamber of commerce estimates that $8\frac{1}{2}$ million people visited Clark County last year and spent $127 million besides the $83.5 million they paid for the privilege of gambling. An imposing $5.5-million Convention Center opened this year with impressive bookings.

"This thing has got to get bigger," sums up Jack Entratter, president of The Strip's Sands hotel.

No doubt it will. The little miracle of the desert is no longer miraculous. A hundred years ago frontier travelers on the perilous trail from Utah to California rested beside the springs that made a green plot amid sand and sagebrush. Las Vegas is Spanish for The Meadows. Mormons built a settlement and mined for lead for ammunition in the mountains near by. But the sun-drenched, bone-dry weather—so appealing now to tourists—and the dispiriting landscape frightened off other settlers and commercial venturers for decades. Las Vegas had a whistle-stop population of under 8,000 when a young craps dealer named Wilbur Clark opened the Green Shack in 1938, seven years after Nevada legalized gambling.

"I lost $8,000 in three months," he recalls. "At the time I said anyone

FEATHERED SHOW GIRL STRUTS ON STAGE



WESTERN

Las Vegas is where the shooters are armed with dice and the wildest call is the stick man's cry. Big, busy, growing, the city's success is rooted in man's age-old refusal to flinch before the odds

coming to this town ought to have his head examined."

Disregarding his own advice has made Clark rich. He is today a partner in the group which owns the big Desert Inn and Country Club on The Strip and other gambling and hotel properties.

Las Vegas gambling falls more or less neatly into four categories: the big operations on The Strip; the big operations on Fremont Street downtown, the small-to-middling outlets all over, including drugstores and restaurants that have slot machines; and the bookmaking places.

Some of the world's tackiest and gaudiest neon signery bugs the eyes on Fremont Street *see page 26*. The chung whir-whir-whir-ch-ang of the hundreds of slot machines, which give downtown operators their biggest profits, ceaselessly assaults the ears. The most important casino games are the same big three that pull most heavily on The Strip, but there are tables for poker, pan (a fast rummy game) and *chemin de fer* as well. Most of the patrons come in shirtsleeves and buck for the brass ring with dimes and quarters and dollars, although high-rolling gamblers are not unknown.

It is The Strip, however, which gives Las Vegas its renown (or notoriety, depending on your attitude). It extends southward from the city limits for the first four miles of the 300-mile highway to Los Angeles. Spaced out along it are the dozen celebrated hotels, each on an expensively landscaped piece of ground which nuzzles against the wilderness. Timepieces are rare, calendars are nowhere visible, and opaque curtains are at the disposal of late sleepers. Since the casinos never close, there are many late sleepers in Las Vegas.

By and large the blue-ribbon hotels owe nothing to the West in architecture and decor. The oldest, El Rancho Vegas, is aggressively western, and so is the Last Frontier part of the Last Frontier New Frontier operation, but the rest are Miami or Palm Springs modern.

A typical Strip casino is a large, carpeted room with five or six dice tables, about the same number of twenty-one tables and two or three roulette wheels. Squads of slot machines line the walls. A bar and lounge ad on each gaming room. In the lounges musical acts keep things jumping from dusk to dawn.

Tables in the casinos are arranged in two parallel rows, usually with a table at each end to close the gap, so that the house men, called inside men, have a clear aisle in the middle from which to supervise the games. These sharp-eyed individuals range downward in rank in this way: the casino manager, who often has a financial interest in the hotel; the floor men supervised on each eight-hour shift by a pit boss—who earn $50 a day and upward for overseeing the games, settling disputes diplomatically and preventing "leakage," as cheating losses are called; the box men ($40 a day), one at each dice table, who exchange the customers' money for playing chips, or checks, and drop the green stuff through a narrow slit into a locked but removeable box; and, finally, the dealers, who at craps accept and place bets

continued

COMEDIAN JOE E LEWIS PUTS ON A SERIOUS FACE FOR SOME SERIOUS DICING

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White Plains, New York

and rake in or pay off losing and winning wagers. The dealer called the stick man offers the dice to the shooter at the end of a short, hooked stick, calls the number after each roll and keeps up a running line of chatter ("Seven a loser; I'm afraid the lady hit a rock"). Roulette and twenty-one dealers normally work unassisted. Dealers are paid $22.50 a day. They work in shirtsleeves and wear green aprons, while the other house men wear business suits.

It is an article of faith in Las Vegas that any casino which dared to hire amateur dealers would be cheated out of business by larcenous outsiders in short order. As a result, virtually all the house men are products of illegal operations elsewhere. This presents local law enforcement men with the ticklish problem of distinguishing between "good" and "bad" dealers. They are fingerprinted and their police records are reviewed, but there is no hard and fast rule governing clearance or denial. However, as Clark County Undersheriff Lloyd Bell says, "A man with a felony conviction probably could not get a work permit unless, say, the conviction was 20 years ago and he had behaved himself ever since." No inside man can work on The Strip without the county's "50" card, or downtown without the city's "A" card, signifying clearance.

"We prefer not to have the wise guy working for us," says Carl Cohen, the Sands' vice-president and casino manager. "We want our dealers to meet the public on its own terms."

Naturally, the casinos abhor a cheating dealer. If he cheats he robs either the customers or the house or both, and when caught he is thrown out and blacklisted. In practice, cheating seems to be quite rare. A more delicate problem is the patron who regards the dealer as his natural enemy and adds an extra chip or two to a winning bet if the dealer momentarily looks away.

"In this business," says Alex Goldfine, casino manager at El Rancho Vegas, "you have to protect yourself. After all, this is money, and wars have been started over money."

Goldfine, by the way, might as easily be taken for a druggist as one of the shrewdest inside men in gambling. Small, late-fiftyish, clothed in businessman's blue, he reveals the tensions of his profession only in the keenness of his eyes.

Like many another insider, Alex Goldfine graduated from back-alley gambling to cheap sawdust joints to more or less opulent but still illegal operations elsewhere before going legitimate in Nevada. "I was living on the streets in Detroit when I was 9," he says, "and that's where I learned this business. Not out of books. On my knees, in the streets. I've been arrested 300 times for gambling, but never for a felony."

Pointing to Goldfine the other day, an El Rancho dealer asserted to me, "There is the most honest man in the world. If he tells you something is pink, it's pink."

BUGSY SIEGEL'S murder in 1947 parked antihoodlum drive in Nevada gambling.

Now it would be ridiculous to assume that the Las Vegas pros are earthly angels. Some of them are very tough eggs, and no doubt some chafe under the yoke of respectability. But the majority evidently are tickled to death to be legitimate wage earners, to be able to marry and raise families in a stable situation.

A few are candidly nostalgic for the elegant casinos frequented by the prewar rich. Consider Joe Phelan, a Sands floor man whose erect carriage and ascetic face might conceivably grace a pulpit. In the good old days, Phelan says, a dealer at Bradley's in Palm Beach received a contract in advance. He wore a black coat of clerical cloth and catered to the high and mighty. Formal dress was required of patrons after 8 p.m., loud talk and boisterous conduct were prohibited.

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After Palm Beach it was north to French Lick, Saratoga Springs and Atlantic City, in season. A dealer might see an oil tycoon run through $98,000 of a $100,000 credit at roulette and then fling the remaining $2,000 to the boy who emptied the ashtrays. On the other hand, a hoodlum might threaten to put "a nice little red hole in your forehead" after tapping out at the wheel.

All in all, Phelan says, he enjoyed the old days.

"There was a thrill with it," he maintains. "You got to know the customers. Out here so many people are in and out it's as if they're on a conveyor belt."

This points up a basic truth about The Strip. Its existence depends on a large turnover of middling gamblers, not on heavy play by a small number of colossally wealthy spenders. It is stamped with the egalitarianism, if not the mediocrity, of our age. Men and women of wealth gamble on The Strip, to be sure. The point is that they alone could not sustain the ambitious hotel-casino-restaurant-bar-lounge-showroom establishments.

THE Sands' Jack Entratter, formerly a partner in New York's Copacabana nightclub, says he must take in $25,000 a day just to break even, what with 750 employees who are provided a total of 937 free meals daily and a show star who may be drawing as much as $20,000 a week. The Sands has 363 rooms, and a 72-room addition is in the works. There is also the matter of having to keep some $400,000 in cash on hand to bank-roll the casino.

The two other Strip operations invariably mentioned along with the Sands as having the biggest play and thus the largest gambling profits—the Desert Inn and the Sahara—have a comparable overhead. The Desert Inn has 500 rooms, the Sahara 400, with 200 more to be added soon.

An average room at the flossy hotels costs $10 to $14 a day, a sumptuous room $20, a suite $35 and a sumptuous suite approximately $60, which is usually quoted as the absolute top price for accommodations. There was a time when no minimum at all was required at the after-dinner shows, but now the standard minimum is $3 plus 22¢ tax, and $5 is tops. Drinks are 80¢ to $1 in the lounges. For gamblers they are on the house, but the cocktail

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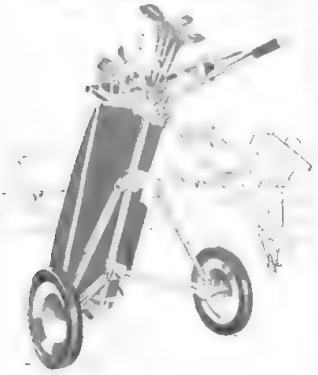

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Ah, gamblers. It is not coincidence that the most warmly appreciated stories told by Las Vegas comedians have to do with losing at gambling. Says Joe E. Lewis: "This is the only town in the world where you can have a wonderful time without enjoying yourself."

The heart of the matter is, of course, that in the long run no one can hope to beat the odds—usually figured as percentages—which always favor the house. In the commonest bet at craps—that the shooter will make a winning roll, or pass—the house percentage is 1.41. In other words, the house stands to win $1.41 of every $100 bet on the pass line over a period of time.

Craps is often said to be the most popular American casino game because of this relatively low percentage, but many bets on which the house has a much higher percentage can be made, and are every day. Craps is the big game because it is so fast, and it probably would remain the champ if the percentages were a bit higher.

The No. 2 game is twenty-one, or blackjack. Here the house percentage cannot be calculated precisely. The player's main obstacle lies in the fact that the house wins if he has a breaking hand (*i.e.*, exceeds a point count of 21 in the draw) whether the house dealer's hand breaks or not.

In roulette, the third ranked game, the house percentage is almost invariably 5.5.19. This is because the payoff odds are figured on 36 numbers, divided equally between red and black, while the wheel actually has 38 numbers, including the 0 and 00.

As for slot machines, the house can make the payoff as high or low as desired but cannot freeze the jackpot. It is sobering to realize that a nickel machine in Downtown Las Vegas must gulp 9,660 coins to pay the operator's yearly flat rate tax and license fees—federal, state, county and city—before beginning to return a profit, which is also taxed.

Half the bookmaking places in Las Vegas folded when the federal 10% tax on wagers (this does not apply to casinos) was levied in 1951. Six remain—four downtown and two on The Strip. These are prohibited by law from accepting other than walk-in bets, and really big bets are unheard of.

An engaging Nebraskan named Jackie Gaughan, who studied accounting at Omaha's Creighton University, handles the nonracing end of the Derby on First Street downtown. He must have been hopping mad if he saw a U.P.I. story thumping the "wise-guy gamblers" of Las Vegas in connection with the odds on a golfer in the recent Tournament of Champions.

"Look," he said when I stopped by, "we figure the bookmakers here are as respectable as any stockbroker."

The difficulty of beating bookmaker or casino is admitted by the perennial optimist, who nevertheless insists: "O.K., O.K., but so far you've only told me I can lose. How can I win?"

THE pros apparently agree that the best way to attempt to make a large, short-term gain in the casinos is to press your luck in a low-percentage game and get out fast when your luck turns. They always illustrate the point with craps. This theory is tied to another Las Vegas article of faith, always stated in this way: "The American public will stand to lose more than it will stand to win."

Milton Jaffe, former manager of the fighter Billy Conn and now managing director of the Stardust, elaborates: "A man coming out of our show may have $5,000 in his pocket. Say he wins a couple hundred dollars at craps right away. He quits right there, thinking, 'Boy, that paid for the weekend.' But if he loses a hundred he may go on to drop the $5,000 just trying to make it back."

To win, then, say the insiders, avoid panic betting to recoup a small original loss. Make nominal bets or quit for a while if the dice are running against the shooters. Forget the so-called field and proposition bets. But bet heavily when the cycle swings back, when passes are frequent, when sevens are few.

It is not possible to explore here all the subtleties of practical betting tactics—the "come," "place" and "buy" bets, the odds on a given number or situation. Suffice it to say that a gambler who has not mastered them, who has not had some actual experience, who has not the patience or bank roll to last until a streak begins and who cannot count very well is not likely to break any banks.

Over the long pull, despite the hot streaks—the long "hands" that every

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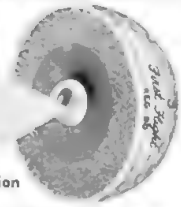

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WILBUR CLARK LOST, PERSISTED, WON

on the wane. Silver dollars have a peculiar tendency to leap onto the gaming tables. The Parisian show girls are mostly English. The Las Vegas Mormons are dead set against gambling. Film stars who try their luck at the tables are all but ignored by the other gamblers—a serious lot. The legendary Nick the Greek is in town, gambling away.

If by "what is it really like?" you mean you have heard rumors about sinister connections between certain Strip hotels and the archracketeers Meyer Lansky, Frank Costello and Phil Kastel, first note what the State Supreme Court has said:

"For gambling to take its place as a lawful enterprise in Nevada, it is not enough that this state has named it lawful. We have but offered it the opportunity for lawful existence. The offer is a risky one, not only for the people of this state, but for the entire nation. Organized crime must not be given refuge here through the legitimatizing of one of its principal sources of income."

Says William Sinnott, acting chairman of the Gaming Control Board:

"We diligently scrutinize each individual who comes in here for a license. He is further scrutinized publicly—with the press there—when his license comes up for both preliminary and final approval. Once he gets his license, there is a constant audit and investigative program going on.

"Actually, the gaming setup operates in a goldfish bowl. It isn't anywhere near as mysterious as people think. Sure, there are constant rumors of hoods, and when there are we move quickly under the breadth of the law to run these rumors down. Invariably, there is absolutely no proof.

"The license-holders have millions of dollars invested here. Do you think they are going to jeopardize that? They are as much concerned about preserving their investment as we are about preserving the state. They don't want hoods in their operation any more than we do.

"Costello, Kastel and Lansky were all either directly or indirectly here for a while—and they left."

It is well known, of course, that the late, reprobate Bugsy Siegel controlled The Strip's Flamingo Hotel at the time he was rubbed out, in 1947. As a consequence of the scandal attached, Nevada moved to clamp down on hoodlum interests for the first time under a sweeping new code, which placed over-all responsibility for control with the Tax Commission (this to be transferred in July to a new Gaming Commission, which will include two former FBI men) and investigative duties with the Control Board.

As for Dandy Phil Kastel, the racketeer whose name is most often bruited about nowadays in connection with Las Vegas, it was discovered that he had invested $320,000 in the swank Tropicana when it was to be licensed, in 1957. The Control Board told the other investors that a license would not be issued until Kastel was out, and the other investors bought up his interest.

In sum, Las Vegas seems to have been scrubbed reasonably clean, under a code which makes gambling legal and boldly lays it down that honest gambling cannot be had without the unlawfully acquired experience of many of its operators and most of the casino employees. END

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

IKE AND NICK: A FRIENDLY GAME

Sirs:

Concerning your editorial, *Alliance at the Summit* (SI, April 20). You are there, it's June, 1959, Ike and Nick are meeting in Geneva for a summit conference. Both men have brought their golf clubs. By chance they meet on the first tee of the local golf course, Ike flanked by Secret Service agents, Nick by the KGB. Their meeting goes something like this:

Nick, smartly dressed in his scotch plaid plus fours, approaches Ike who is swinging his driver back and forth in pendulum fashion. Ike is wearing his lightweight Wash 'n Wears, a Ben Hogan cap, a black glove and a full-sleeved cardigan sweater. Nick speaks: "Say, Ike, I didn't know you were going to play today."

"Yes," returns Ike. "The way things are going I don't plan on being here much longer so I thought I'd take advantage of the nice weather we're having."

"Ah," says Nick, "I know what you mean. It really is a beautiful day." He pauses and then adds, "Are you playing by yourself or do you have a game?"

"No, I'm playing by myself. My friends," he continues, indicating the Secret Service men, "don't play."

"Now isn't that funny," replies Nicky, "my friends don't either."

"Well, if you are by yourself, Nick, I'd be glad to have you join me. Of course I'm kinda rusty; however, if you don't mind playing with a hacker you're welcome to come along."

"Well, that is mighty comradely of you—no offense intended. I would certainly deem it a pleasure to play with you, and even though I play pretty poorly I will try not to slow you up."

"Slow me up?" questions Ike, wryly. "What do you think you're kidding, Nick? I heard about that 85 you shot at the East Berlin Country Club last week."

"Eighty-five!" screams Khrushchev. "Who the hell spread that lousy rumor? Listen," he went on, "the day I shoot 85, Mao Tse-tung will come steaming up the Volga River in a Chinese junk leading the People's navy."

"Amen!" mumbles Ike. "Listen," he continues briskly, "my intelligence reports tell me that you've been a 13 handicap for the past four months. Now why don't you admit it?"

"A 13 handicap!" Khrushchev cries in anguish. "Lies, lies! Listen, Ike, do I *look* like a 13 handicap?"

Ike's eyes narrow to little slits, and he peers intently at Khrushchev's bald head and 44 waist. "Looks can be deceiving," Ike says cryptically. Then looking casually in the direction of his Secret Service agents he adds, "Buddy, some of my boys tell me that you've been secretly reading *Ben Hogan's Five Lessons in the Modern Fundamentals of Golf*."

"I beg your pardon," says Nick, reply "The book to which you allude was written by the People's Golfer, Haganovitch. I've never heard of anybody named Hogan. But enough. Let us go ahead and play, and at the same time make, say, a small wager?"

"Name your own poison," cautions Ike.

"How about," says Nick, casually casting his eyes heavenward, "the moon!"

A. K. FASSETT

Houston

BASEBALL ISSUE: CONSENSUS

Sirs:

As enthusiastic original subscribers, we feel that perhaps you might be interested in our comments pursuant to the 1959 Special Baseball Issue.

First: We feel that the cover should remain consistent. Much as we respect Willie Mays, at 6 men as we can, and the artist's morning hang, we liked your cover format of the previous three years.

Second: Perhaps there are some unreconstructed Americans who are not interested in our national pastime, but they can take their reading pleasures in the remaining 51 weeks. This issue should be 100% baseball. Remember that true baseball fans have been fasting since October.

Third. In the synopsis of each team, we would like to see reinstated the profiles of managers and announcers. Managers *do* change . . . they can't all be Casey Stengels.

Fourth: Please give back the ballot space for our individual pre-season prognostications of each club's finishing order . . . and though your subtle placement of the teams' finishing order this year caught our attention, we would like to *have your guesses presented in a bolder* fashion, as last year.

Fifth: As age creeps up on us, memories fail, so we urge that you include the preceding four seasons' finishing order for each league.

MARYETTA DEVEREAUX

Portland, Ore.

● Here is the consensus of 24 editors, writers, reporters and secretaries compiled one week *before* the season opened:

American League	National League
New York	Milwaukee
Chicago	San Francisco
Detroit	Pittsburgh
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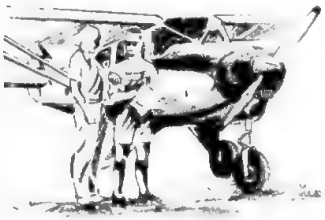

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BASEBALL ISSUE: TO ERR IS SUPERHUMAN

Sirs:

A personal SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Joe DAVID Brown for "*The Oddest Week I Ever*..." I'm attacking sports figures, such as Willie Mays from the pressagent's mythology is a real service to both player and fan.

The night that I first saw Willie in the Polo Grounds he hit a home run, stole a base, pulled a spectacularly and took with a backhand stab reflection several flight pitches that would send any other player to the showers. But Mays's finest moment came on a routine error of the game. Taking a line single in center, he overthrew the first baseman at the plate, ignoring the cutoff man, he caught the ball and sailed over the catcher and hit the backstop screen 10 feet above the ground. That any human could throw a ball that far was certain testimony to his greatness.

DAVE SHRYER

Dayton, Ohio

DUMB TROUT AND ODD-BALL LURES

Sirs:

The color spread of the brown trout *The Perfect Angler*, SI, April 6, will have many great readers impatient to get to their favorite streams. Congratulations.

The Perfect Angler by Sparse Grey Hackle prompts me to make an observation that borders on heresy to him. I suppose [illegible] often can catch bigger trout, especially brown trout, on artificial flies than on [illegible]. Note that I said bigger trout, not more trout.

As you might imagine, I have had some [illegible] over the years. Also I fail to understand why deceiving a fish [illegible] with [illegible] which is a good [illegible] and [illegible] casting a spot [illegible] never seen before.

[illegible] to agree with S. G. H. that a fisherman's sharp eyesight is such a [illegible] thing. Good sight is needed, but [illegible] what [illegible] to expect.

[illegible] and [illegible] When I see a spot which I think holds an outsize fish I [illegible] into the water [illegible] to create a disturbance. Perhaps the fish [illegible] and then [illegible] without stopping [illegible] then there is little need for sneaking up on the fish. Of course, it could be that all the fish I catch are the dumb ones but a lot of [illegible] for [illegible] a few years.

A. P. BLACK

Dayton, Ohio

● "Mr. Black's opinions are by no means heresy," says Sparse Grey Hackle, "but I don't quite see that his approach is as radical as he thinks. Fish do not choose their food by eye alone. A fish's feeding reflex can be triggered by a good many things, an artfully tied fly, a 'weird artificial lure' or the hard slap on the water by a big, clumsy June bug at night, for example. But as far as the fisherman

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The Natural Instinct to Play Possum

All living creatures are born actors. By feigning death they live to play another day

THE most widely known fact about a certain American animal is that he pretends to be dead when an enemy catches him. Playing possum, it is called. To see that play for the first time is to be amazed, as if witnessing an incredible comedy of the wild. Yet the habit of shamming is as widespread as animal life, being especially prevalent among the lower orders. Disturb a praying mantis at his fly catching, and the grotesque creature pretends to be a dead twig; or catch a ladybird (lady beetle, ladybug) when she is helping you raise roses by eating the aphids or plant lice, and the pretty little thing turns up her toes in your hand. "Insects are most notorious in this respect," said Charles Darwin, who concluded in his *Essay on Instinct*, published in the appendix of George J. Romanes' *Mental Evolution in Animals*, that some creatures feign death for a moment only, and others so persistently that they make no response even to a fire that kills them.

Shamming takes a more appealing form when you come suddenly upon a brood of young quail or young grouse. While the mother pretends to be hurt, floundering at your feet to hold your attention, the chicks promptly play dead, one chick half hidden under a brown leaf, another flat on its back with stiffened legs, a third propped against a stump and looking like a shred of bark.

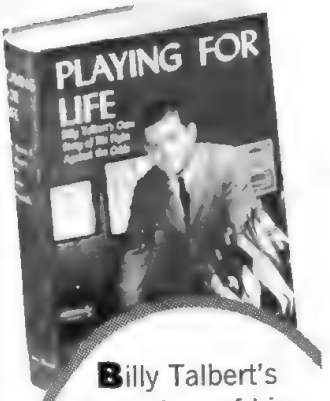
That this habit of young grouse survives to old age was proved to my satisfaction on one early morning in the Maine woods. I was sitting on a log, waiting for a bull moose that had shyly answered my call at twilight, when a gorgeous cock partridge came down the trail and hopped up on a log beside me—only one of many indications that wild eyes rarely notice a motionless figure. He started mincing along the log, stepping daintily, his back turned, when, in idle curiosity, I caught him, holding his wings close against his sides. On the instant he collapsed and lay in my hands like a dead bird. Even the eyes half open and very moist, as if teary, were those of a partridge shot down in swift flight. I was stroking the beautiful plumage, regretting my hasty experiment, when he flipped out of my relaxed grip and whirled away into a spruce tree. He had played possum to good effect, certainly. But did he know what he was doing, and why?

One difficulty of answering our question is that birds are easily subject to hypnosis, or something akin to it, as you may prove by shining a looking glass into a chicken's eyes, or rubbing its beak to and fro along a crack of the barn floor, after which it apparently cannot move. Sportsmen who conduct amateur field trials have lately learned what almost any country boy could have told them—that if you swing a pheasant dizzily in the air it will stay wherever you set it down, thus permitting the oncoming dogs to point it.

The probable explanation is that birds have a very delicate sense of balance, else they could hardly fly, and to upset the nervous balance is to inhibit the will and to put muscles out of action. Unless the wings are held fast during the swinging they will react automatically in order to keep the balance, and the pheasant will run or fly the moment its feet touch the ground. It is therefore possible that my cock partridge did not know what he was doing, being stupefied by a sudden powerful grip.

Among the higher orders of animal life the possum is the best of pretenders, not only because he feigns

(Continued on page 64)



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ON PLAYING POSSUM *continued*

death habitually but more because most possums do it in the same way, as if obedient to a fixed behavior pattern. If so, his shamming is purely instinctive, with no plan or purpose or intelligence about it. Professor William Preyer reached this conclusion after a long series of experiments. A powerful emotion of fear, he said, paralyzes the nerve centers and puts the animal into a state of catalepsy. He is not pretending to be dead but is frightened into a deathlike stupor.

SILENT UNTO DEATH

I came to this same conclusion on seeing my first horned owl swoop on a possum, only to swerve aside when his wing touched a bush. The possum played dead before he was touched, and held the pose until the owl swooped again. So far as human eyes could see, he made no struggle, no resistance, even when the savage bird began to tear his body to pieces.

In the autumn of that same year 1939 an uncommonly large possum was caught at a game farm, in Redding, Conn. He was moving aimlessly around the wire trap when I pulled him out by the neck, and to all rib poking or hair pulling he made no more response than a dead possum. Not till I set him on the ground and began to back away did his eyes open, and my impression was that they watched. Slowly the distance increased to a dozen feet, when the possum rolled over and headed away, but not hurriedly. When caught by the neck he again played dead, refusing to respond when I twisted the ratty tail. So I carried him to a nearby brook and dropped him in. At the touch of cold water he came to life and floundered away from me to the other bank, which might imply that he was both conscious and intelligent when he played dead.

When chased by hounds, possums vary their action according to circumstance. If caught on the ground they play dead and—an odd fact which may be illuminating—the hounds are usually disgusted and turn away, though they will shake the life out of a moving possum. If near a tree when the hounds approach, the possum climbs to the lowest branch, where he turns to wrinkle his piggy nose and hiss at his impotent enemies. This again appears to be a case of intelligence rather than of blind instinct.

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One is inclined to this conclusion when he observes animals, quicker-witted than the possum, that occasionally, but not habitually, play dead. Take your five month-old pup as the nearest example. Finding himself happily free from control he goes off adventuring, as all his kind naturally do. Hardly is he out of the yard before a big dog rushes at him with apparently hostile intent. Before the enemy can bite him, the pup rolls over on his back with paws uplifted piteously. Here, one might reason, the pup is playing dead in his own doggy way, and the purpose of his shamming is to escape injury, as commonly he does.

Romanes advances the theory that while the protective instinct in animals has, like species, evolved as a result of natural selection, instinct cannot explain everything. In the case of foxes, he concludes that sometimes their pretenses are a combination of fear and intelligent purpose. I am not sure that he is right. The youthful experience of a New Brunswick guide, whom I knew, could bespeak intelligence, or it could just as well bespeak instinct on the part of the fox.

A SLY BLACK FOX

In his boyhood, the guide told me, he caught a large black fox, whose pelt was then valued at hundreds of dollars. Before that he had taken five red foxes, some by wire snares, others by a baited steel trap, and always, he said, he had found them dead, either quickly choked by the wire noose or frozen after an exhausting struggle with the drag of the trap. But this superb black fox, looking as lifeless as any other, had evidently been caught within the hour. His body was warm as he lay limp on his side, and there was no trampled snow to tell of a struggle with the trap which had gripped the pad of one foot. He made no resistance as the exultant boy carried him home, trap and all, stopping once in a while to stroke the glossy fur and gloat over the price it would bring. At his whoop the family came out to see the prize stretched on the doorstep. Carefully now, the boy sprung open the trap; his grip relaxed when he turned to answer the question, "What in the world killed him?" At that moment the "dead" fox was just a black streak drawn across the snowy dooryard. Did he suddenly come out of a stupor, or was he purposely faking all the time?

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ON PLAYING POSSUM *continued*

Contradictory answers will be given because we associate shamming with older animals only, forgetting that it is a universal trait of the very young. Wave your hand over a nest of fledgling hawks, and at the threatening motion they are apparently lifeless; or poke a newly born rabbit, and he becomes like the dead grass whereon his mother hid him. Every creature born into the natural world brings with him an impulse to be still as a stone when threatened by an enemy.

A natural reason for holding still is that motionless creatures are rarely noticed because wild eyes habitually associate life with motion. All the ink spilled over the question of protective coloration might have been left in the inkpot if the disputants had used their eyes for seeing rather than their imaginations for theorizing. A mottled brown grouse and an orange-colored fawn sprinkled with glaring white spots are both invisible in the same environment so long as they hold still, but not a moment longer. Whatever the coloration, any animal betrays himself by his first motion. Hence the impulse of young creatures to be still, that is, to play dead, which is their only possible salvation in time of danger.

That the young never quite outgrow this habit of infancy is made amply evident by observed animal action. A surprised wild creature of any kind—hawk, owl, eagle, deer, wolf, bear—almost invariably freezes in his tracks at first sight of an enemy. And by the same token, so does a man. Witness your own momentary paralysis when suddenly confronted by calamity. Witness also your mental attitude in a frightful dream, when imagination conjures up death as your portion but the body receives no motor impulse from the inhibited will. Whatever else dreams may mean to a psychiatrist, the significant feature of a dream of great peril is that the dreamer cannot move, being held fast by the same instinct that keeps a helpless young bird or animal quiet in the presence of an enemy.

And what has this protective impulse of the young to do with the shamming of the old? It is, I think, an earlier manifestation of the same will to preservation, and it is wholly subconscious or instinctive. The protective impulse becomes consciously intelligent only when the threatened animal sees a chance to escape, like the black fox of a boy's poignant memory.

—DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

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is concerned, I don't think you can separate good eyesight from his ability to judge the water. If there are no fish to be taken, keen eyes can save an otherwise fruitless day."—ED.

FOOD: CHERCHEZ LA GRAPPE

Sirs:

In February my husband and I were in Fort-de-France, Martinique in the French West Indies. We ate at L'Europa and were served a tray of cheeses for dessert. The most delightful looked like your picture of *grappe* (FOOD, SI, April 13), and I have never seen it before or since. It was packed in grape seeds, and I'm sure yours is, too, according to the picture.

Could you help a couple of desperate cheese gourmets and put us on the track of this most delicious variety?

NORMA MONIAK

Detroit

• *Grappe* cheese, which comes from the Savoy region of France, can be obtained from Cheese Unlimited, 1263 Lexington Avenue, New York 28. The price per pound is $1.98 plus 25¢ shipping charge.—ED.

TENNIS: SOME THOUGHTS ON

Sirs:

Billy Talbert (*The Billy Talbert Story*, SI, April 20, *et seq.*) has done a great deal for the game (and still does). Tennis simply does not have enough like him. I will never forget the incident at the Dallas Invitational one spring when a policeman chased away several youngsters trying to peek through the fence covering. Mr. Talbert started to intervene but only remarked with a sigh something to the effect that it was no wonder tennis was not more popular than it was.

Another pronouncement in your magazine left me with less elation. This concerns the failure of the California interests to gain the next challenge round in Davis Cup play (EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, April 13). I simply cannot work up a tear for them. I got my first taste of being a non-Californian during my first trip to Culver in 1940; it was amplified in 1942. I was not actually discriminated against in any way, but it was impressed upon us by officials and other persons that we were from the wrong part of the country. This sort of treatment, largely indirect and subtle, would not bother an older player but leaves a mark on the confidence of younger boys as I realized later. We just weren't expected to do any more than provide first-round cannon fodder for the chosen ones. I trust this has been altered since the tournament has left Culver.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is an excellent publication; I miss very few copies. As for myself, I recommend for the tennis world: 1) an open tournament between amateurs and professionals for charity to enliven the interest of the public, and 2) a standard world surface, such as Grasstex or Corkturf (or something between clay and concrete in playing qualities) to help standardize the game.

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Pat on the Back

Lee Balterman

ARCHIE SAN ROMANI SR. AND JR.

'I'm living my life over again'

A generation ago Archie San Romani of Kansas, the man in the Olympic sweat suit, was one of the fleetest milers on the American track; a consistent rival of Glenn Cunningham (also of Kansas) in lowering the time for the outdoor mile to around 4:07. Archie never thought it fair to expect too much in the way of track performance from his only son, Archie Jr., or to overurge him into a track career. But the other day Archie Jr., a Wichita high school senior, laced on his size-13 spikes at the Hutchinson Relays and ran a mile in 4:13.6. It was the fastest schoolboy mile ever run in Kansas, only 0.4 second off the national schoolboy mark, which Archie Jr. might well equal this year. Archie Sr., whose best high school mile was 4:36.3, now finds himself the father of what an on-the-scene observer calls "the country's only born miler and the best mile prospect the country ever had," and it leaves him a little incredulous: "I'm living my life over again." Says Archie Jr.: "It's Dad's dinner table chats that help me most."

Why did all these whiskies (*66 of them!*) try to imitate Canadian Club?

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